313
Bond

1

Three Songs

as unpretentious
as the Wild Rose

Words and Music by

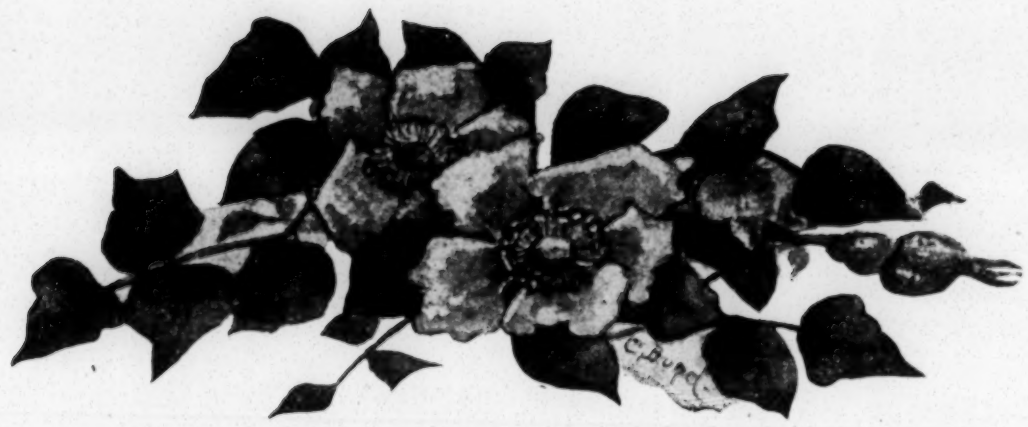
Carrie Jacobs-Bond

PUBLISHED BY
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND
42 31st Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

PRICE, $ .75

TRADE SUPPLIED BY N. NELSON, 184 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO

JULES F. WEGMAN 1900



NOTHING BUT A WILD ROSE

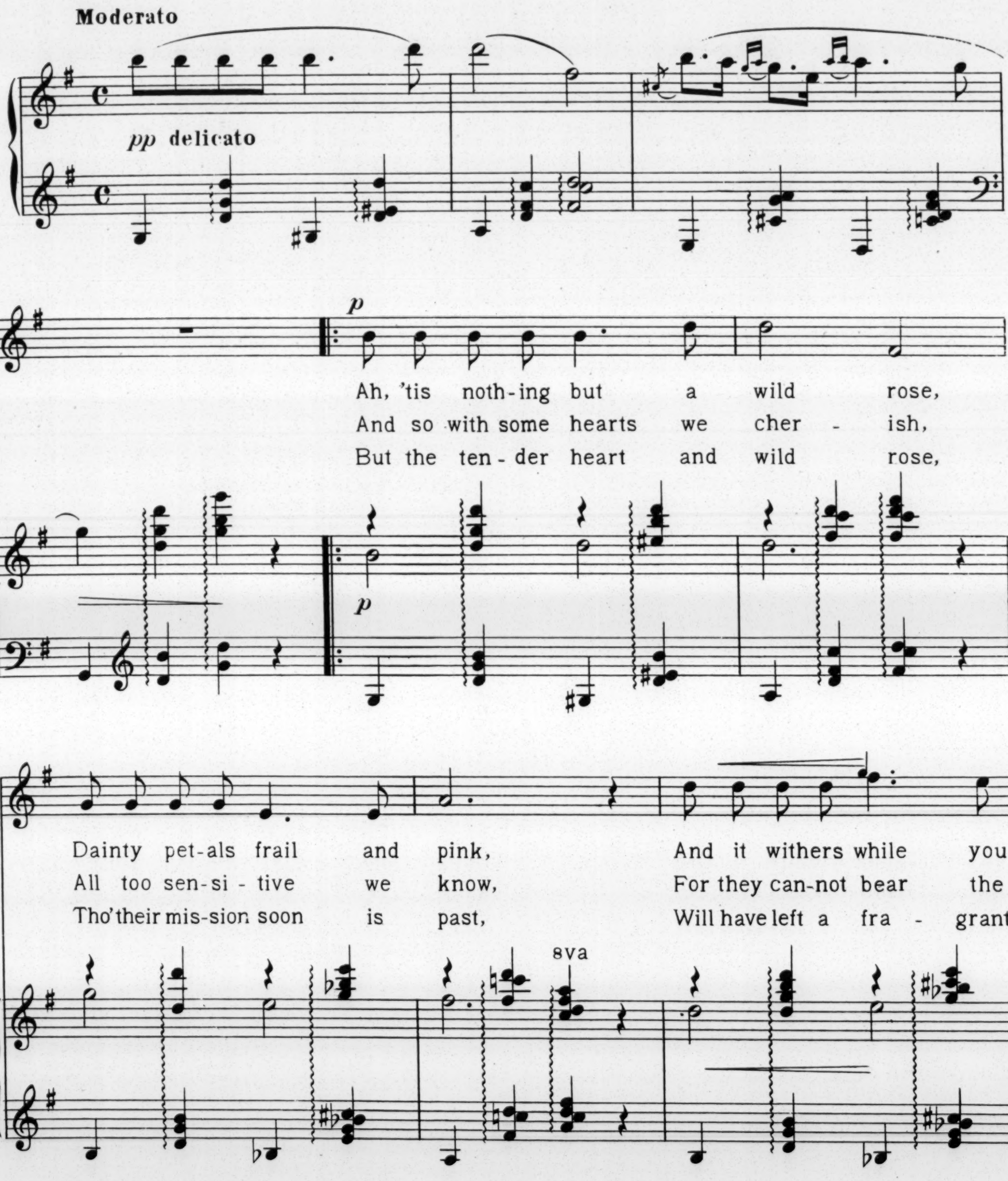
Ah, tis nothing but a wild rose,
Dainty petals frail and pink,
And it withers while you pluck it,
Hardly worth the while, you think.

And so with some hearts we cherish,
All too sensitive we know,
For they cannot bear the rough winds,
Nor the winter's ice and snow.

But the tender heart and wild rose,
Though their mission soon is past,
Will have left a fragrant memory
Clinging 'round us close and fast.

To Mrs. Jennie Osborne Hannah

Nothing But A Wild Rose

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

Moderato
pp delicato
p
Ah, 'tis noth-ing but a wild rose,
And so with some hearts we cher - ish,
But the ten - der heart and wild rose,
p
Dainty pet-als frail and pink,
All too sen-si - tive we know,
Tho' their mis-sion soon is past,
And it withers while you
For they can-not bear the
Will have left a fra - grant
8va

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cresc.

pluck it, Hard - ly worth the while, you
rough winds, Nor the win - ter's ice and
mem - - 'ry Cling - ing 'round us close and

cresc.

mf

think, Hard-ly worth the while, you think.
snow, Nor the win - ter's ice and snow.
fast, Clinging 'round us close and

1 & 2

p

mf

p rall.

3

fast.

pp

rall.

WALKING IN HER GARDEN

Walking in her garden,
Dearest of flowers was she;
Pure and sweet as the lilies
Dearer than life to me.
Just a budding blossom
Who with God's love was sent,
Seemed to me like an angel
As gathering flowers she went.

First she gathered roses,
Pink roses glistening with dew,
Then she gathered marguerites
Asking them if they knew
If her lover loved her
And if his love were true,
And if he e'er should deceive her,
What could her broken heart do?

Then the dainty petals
Told her the story of old
Till she came to the last one
Left in the heart of gold.
"He loves me, he loves me not,
Loves me!"
That's what the sweet flowers told.

To Clara Henley Bussing

Walking In Her Garden

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

Tempo di Valse

mf

p

3

Walk - ing in her gar - den,

p simile

3

Dear-est of flow-ers was she; Pure and sweet as the

lil - ies Dear-er than life to me. Just a

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bud - ding blos - som Who with God's love was sent, ——

mf

Seemed to me like an an - gel As gath-'ring flow'rs she

mf

poco rall.

went. —

First she

p

a tempo

gath - ered ros - es, Pink ros-es glist'ning with dew, ——

cresc. 3 *f*

Then she gath - ered mar - guerites Ask - ing them if they

cresc. *f*

p tenderly

knew If her lov - er loved her,

p agitato

And if his love were true, And if he e'er should de -

rit.

ceive her, What could her broken heart do?

rit.

mf

Then the dain - ty pet - . als Told her the sto - ry of

mf

old ____ Till she came to the last one

cres - - cen - -

cres - - cen - -

- - do *f* più lènto. dim.

Left in the heart of gold. ____ "He loves me, he loves me not,

- - do *f* dim.

ff

loves me;" That's what the sweet flow'rs told. ____

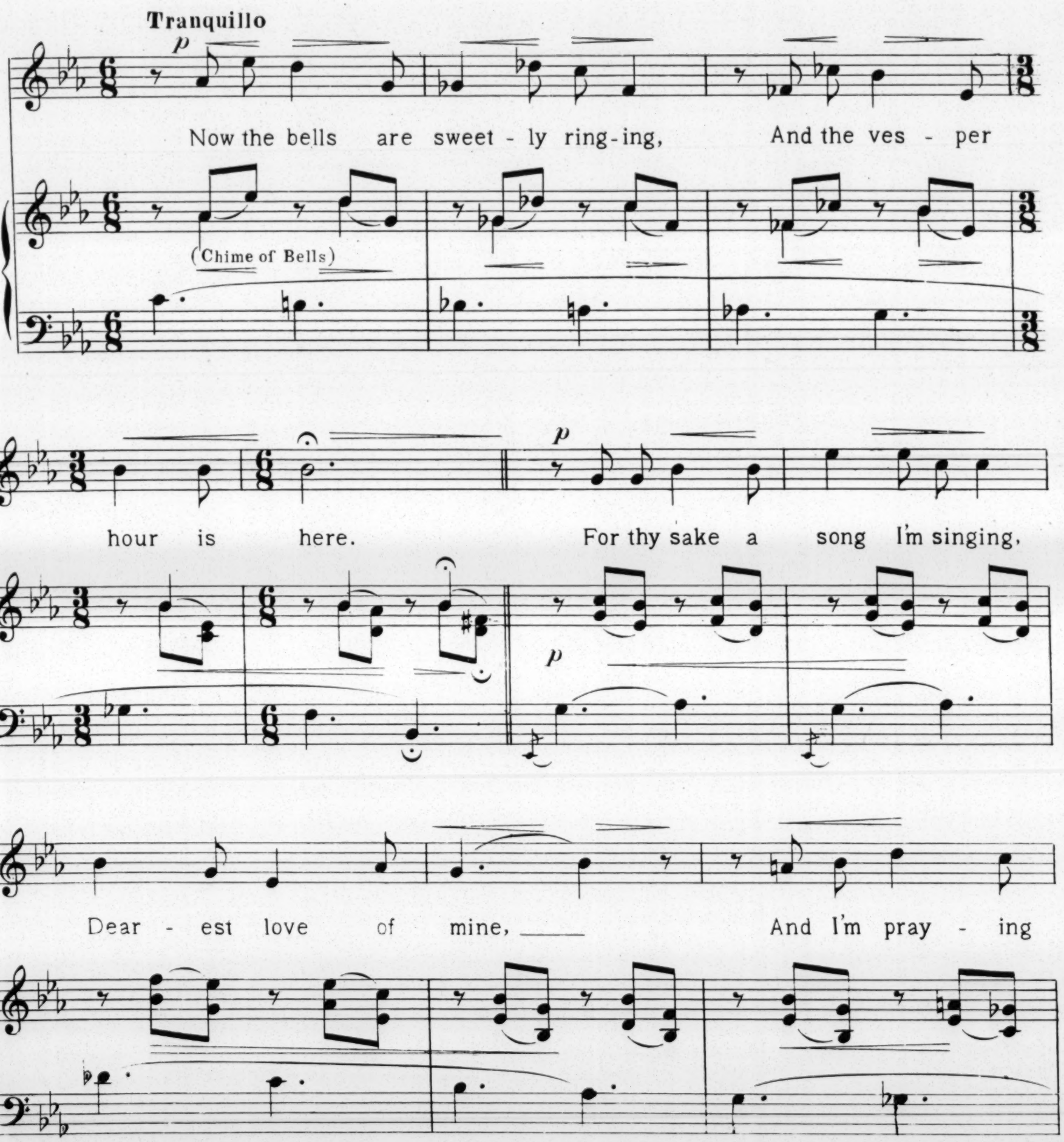
ff

THE ANGELUS

Now the bells are sweetly ringing,
And the vesper hour is here.
For thy sake a song I'm singing,
Dearest love of mine,
And I'm praying, winds are bringing
Back some thoughts of thine,
Loving thoughts to cheer my sadness,
And to dim my fears,
Whispered thoughts of loving gladness
Making smiles of tears.

To Miss Mary Peck Thompson

The Angelus

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

Tranquillo
p
Now the bells are sweet - ly ring-ing, And the ves - per
(Chime of Bells)
hour is here. For thy sake a song I'm singing,
p
p
Dear - est love of mine, And I'm pray - ing

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winds are bring - ing Back some thoughts of thine. Loving thoughts to

cheer my sadness, And to dim my fears, Whispered thoughts of

lov - ing glad - ness Mak - ing smiles of tears, Mak - ing smiles of

tears.

8va

dim - in - u - - - - en - - - - do *ppp*

Ped.

NELSON & TALBOT, ENG. & LITHO. CHICAGO.

COMPOSITIONS

.....BY.....

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

..SONGS...

Shadows		"Seven Songs" (Booklet) Price $1.25 Net
Just A' Wearyin' for You		
I Love You Truly		
Still Unexprest		
Parting		
"Des Hold My Hands"		
De Las' Long Res'		
Where Youth's Eternal		"Eleven Small Songs" (Booklet) Price $1.25 Net
The Lily and the Rose		
'Tis Summer in Thine Eyes		
A Study in Symbols		
When Church is Out		
But I Have You		
Her Greatest Charm		
When You're Sad		
Sunshine		
Po' Lil Lamb		
Cupid's Home		
Have You Seen My Kitten?		"Four Songs" (Booklet) Price 75c Net
When My Ship Comes Home		
The Little Shoe		
The Bird's Song		
Po' Lil' Lamb	Price 50c.	"Some Lettle Songs of Color"
Sunshine		
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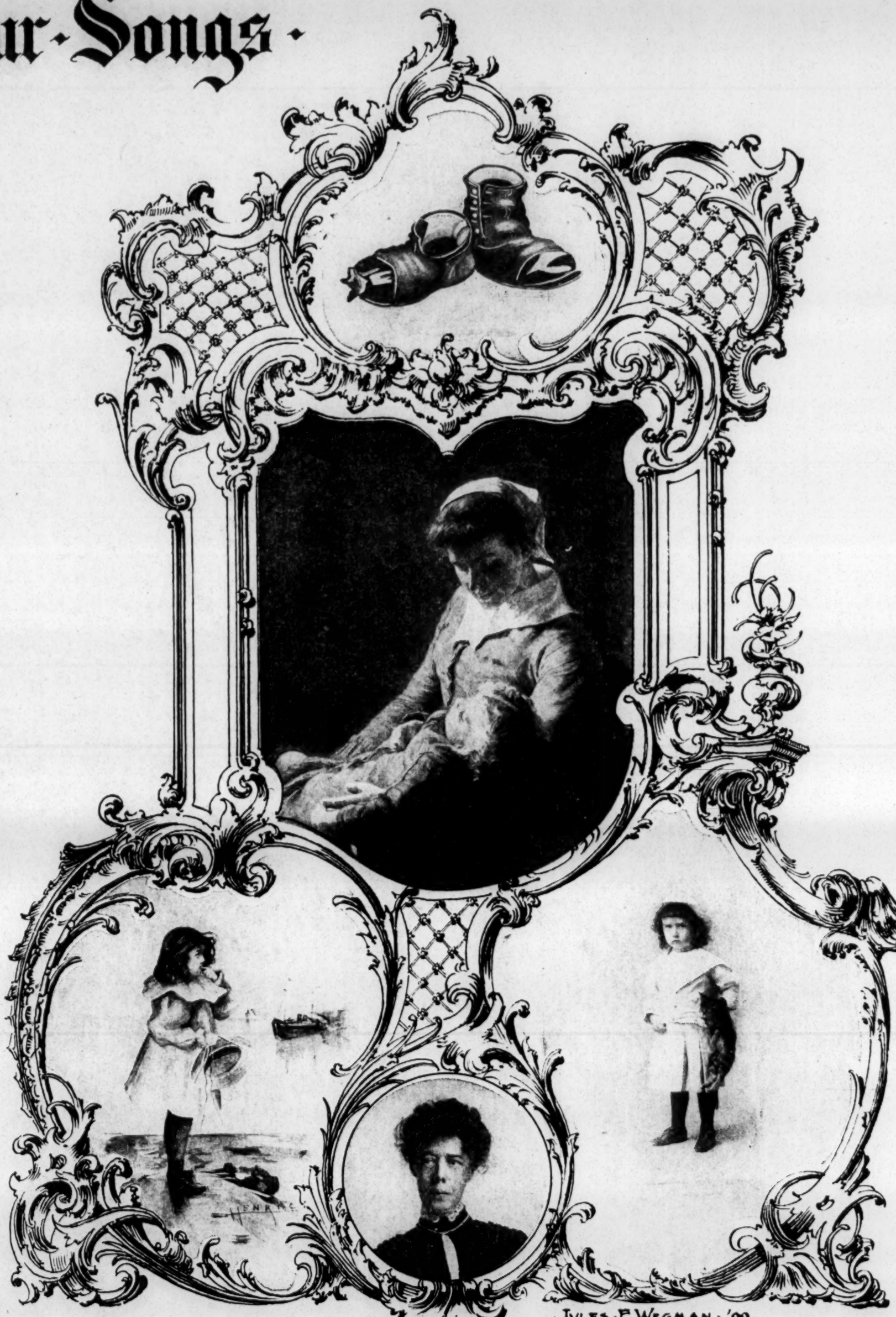
Trouble		

Four Songs



Carrie Jacobs-Bond

FOUR SONGS

BY

CARRIE JACOBS BOND

HAVE YOU SEEN MY KITTIE?
THE BIRD SONG,
A LITTLE SHOE,
WHEN MY SHIPS COME HOME

PRICE SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Frederick J. Smith.
PUBLISHER FOR
Carrie Jacobs-Bond,
Chicago, U.S.A.

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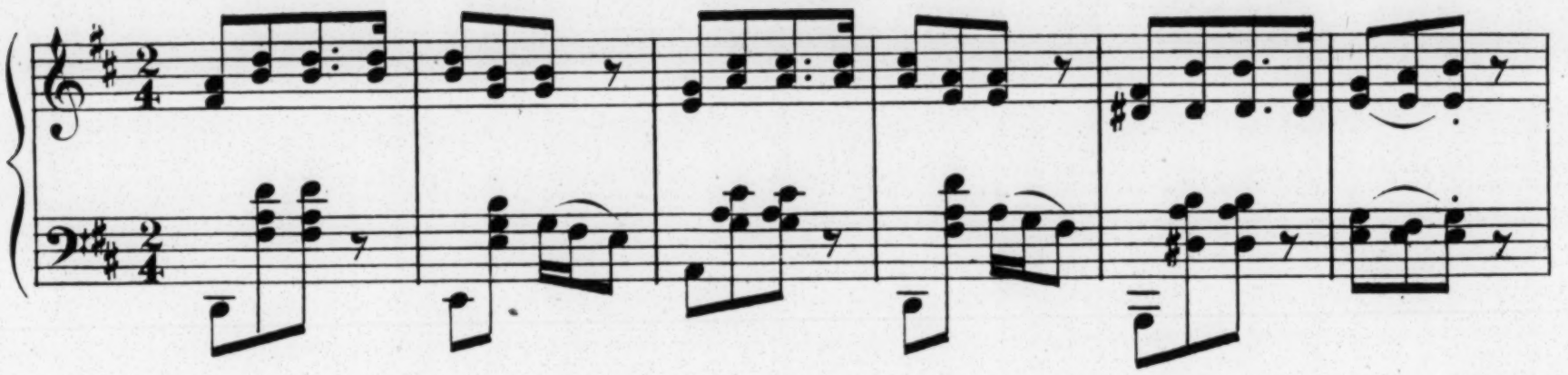
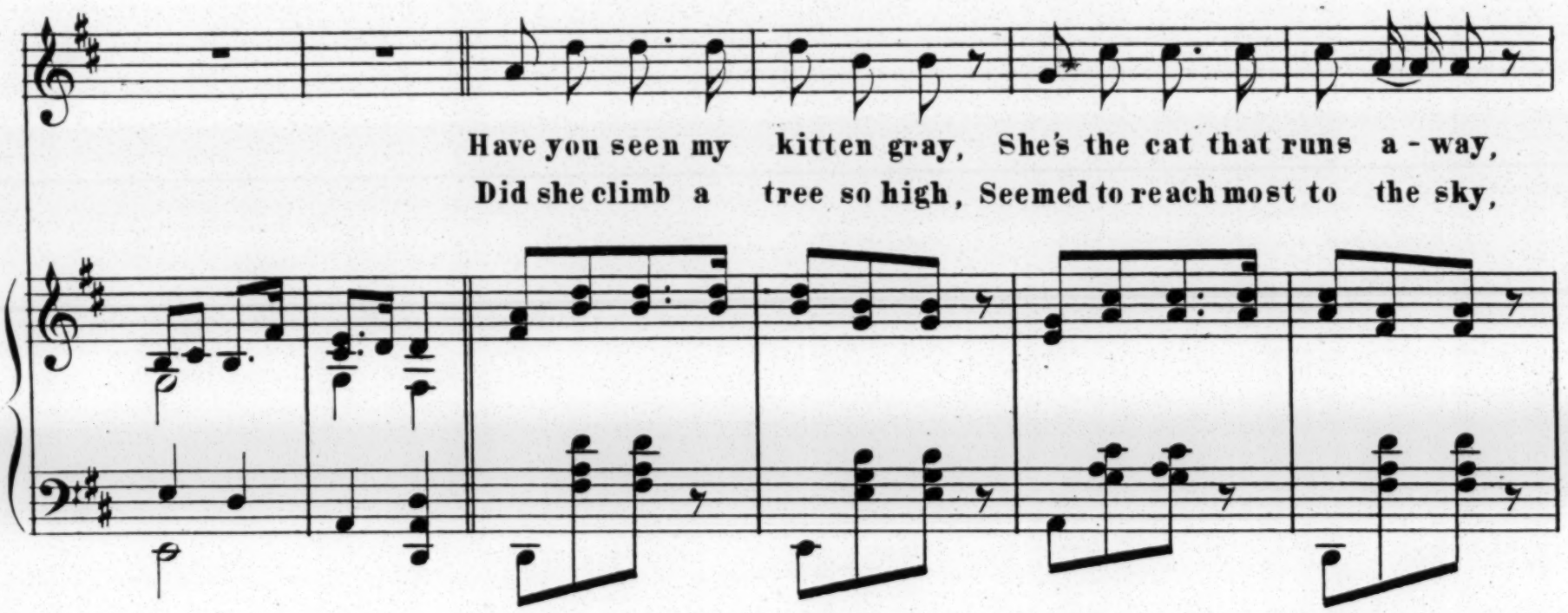
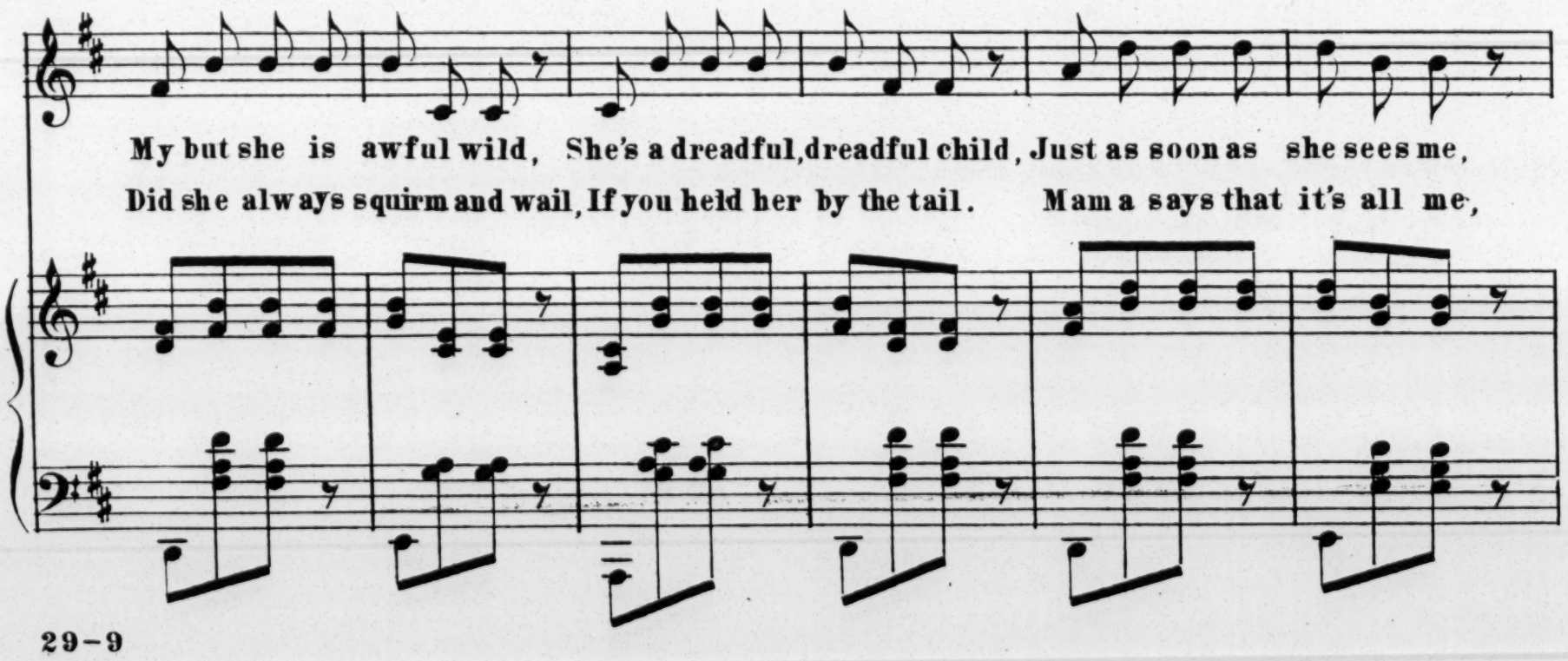
To

FORRESTER McKEY SMITH.

HAVE YOU SEEN MY KITTIE?

CARRIE JACOBS BOND.



My but she is awful wild, She's a dreadful, dreadful child, Just as soon as she sees me,
Did she always squirm and wail, If you held her by the tail. Mama says that it's all me,

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Off she goes and climbs a tree, Yet that kitten I love well, What's the matter can you tell?
Kittens really good would be, But the kittens I have known, Seem to want to live a-lone.

REFRAIN.

Dear me suzz! Kittie, Kittie, Kittie, Kittie, Kittie come and play,

Kittie, Kittie, Kittie, Kittie, Please don't run a-way. You're the kitten I love well,

rit. *accel.*

What's the matter can't you tell? Kittie, Kittie come let's play.....

To

GRACE DUFFIE BOYLAN.

THE BIRD SONG.

CARRIE JACOBS BOND.

1. My ba - by is so tired to-night, She does not like the can-dle light, The
2. The lit - tle birds have gone to rest, The ma - ma bird sits by the nest, The
3. If I could shield you from all care, And keep your face for - ev - er fair, As

lit - tle head will soon be pressed, A - gainst her ma - mas lov - ing breast, And
lit - tle stars be - gin to shine, To light the sky for sleep - y time, And
now I see it while you sleep, These eyes of mine no more would weep, This

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ma - ma's song will sound the best. So by - lo by - lo,
make it bright sweet child of mine. So
heart of mine its peace would keep. So

8
loco
8

lit - tle ba - by sleep, So by - lo, by - lo,

God his watch will keep, Oh ba - by mine, how fond-ly I love

you, Oh ba - by mine, a mothers love is true.

To

HARRIET DEMENT PACKARD.

A LITTLE SHOE.

WM. LIGHTFOOT VISSCHER. CARRIE JACOBS BOND.

1. Thar
2. Its the
3. And I

aint much po-et-ry, that's a fact, In a pa-'r o' worn out shoes, But
shoe of a lit-tle ba-by boy, Who was two or three worlds to me, He
hear the patter of wee, small feet, That fitted it when it was new, But

I've seen truck a-goin that lacked As much of soul or muse.... I've
come and he went, and took all the joy That ev-er I rec-kon to see. The
all thatsleft is the mem-'ry sweet And the lit-tle worn out shoe..... Thar

29-9

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got a shoe, 'bout big's my thumb, All gone at the heel an' toe..... That
mother that bore him went a-long, And it broke my heart in two..... Some
aint no poet-ry much in this, But I think I've got the clue.... To a

makes my poor old heart-strings thrum, To the tune of "Long a - go"..... .
times I hear her lulaby song When I'm holdin' that lit-tle shoe.....
road that leads to a mite of bliss, If I follow this ba - by shoe.....

To

Dr. BURBANK AND FAMILY.

WHEN MY SHIPS COME HOME.

CARRIE JACOBS BOND.

Moderato.

1. A child sat close to her mother's knee, A child per - haps of summers three, She wanted a dol-ly that was her
2. The child ran down to the ocean shore,And gazed at the ships as we've be - fore, And wondered which one would bring her
3. One day a chest from a ship gone down, Was washed a shore and a-roused the town, The heart of the mother grew cold with

prayer, Whose eyes would close and who had real hair, But the mother was poor and she
pet, The one near the shore or the dis-tant yet, Of - course her mamma ex-
fear, For the chest held the clothes of a child so dear, And a - mong the toys was a

rit. *a tempo.*

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shrank with fear, Lest the child should see the glistening tear, So she sweetly

pected some ships, For on - ly truth could pass mam - ma's lips, And she said a

doll so rare, Whose eyes would close and who had real hair, Why that's my

sang as she turned a - way, These comforting words and this ten - der lay.

dol - ly with eyes of blue, Would come on a ship and of - course 'twas true.

dol - ly for sure she's mine, I's spected that ship for a long long time 'Cause

Tempo di Valse.

1 & 2. Wait dear wait dear just till my ship comes in.....

3. My mam-ma said just wait till my ship comes in.....

mf

Then dear sure dear dol - ly you're bound to
My mam - ma said a dol - ly you're bound to

win..... Yes dear true dear dol - ly to
win..... My mam - ma said "a dol - ly to

be your own..... With eyes of blue to smile at you Just
be my own"..... With eyes of blue to smile at you Just

D.C.

wait till my ships come home.....
wait till my ships come home.....

Used in Recitations by Edna M. Barnes.

NELSON & TALBOT
ENG. & PRINT.
CHICAGO.

PRICE $1.25

Carrie Jacobs-Bond

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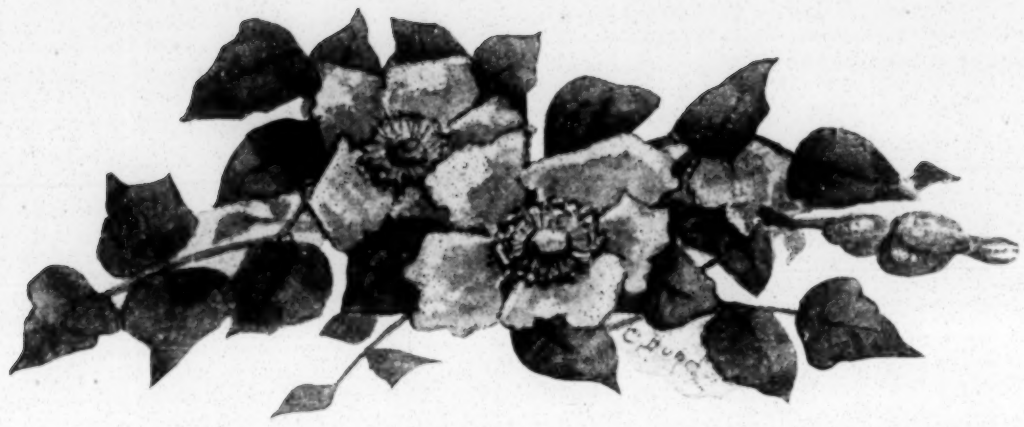
5455 DREXEL AVENUE
CHICAGO

JULES F. WEGMAN 1900



- Parting -
- Shadows -
- Just - Awearyin' - For - You -
- I - Love - You - Truly -
- De - Eas' - Long - Res' -
- Still - Unexprest -
- "Yes - Hold - My - Hands „ -

To F.E.H.

SHADOWS.

Words and Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

Andante sostenuto.

pp *rall.* *a tempo.*

p

Once more I sit at eve-ning And watch the em-ber burn, The
oft we watched the em-bers And said, "how bright they glow!" And

pp

poco rit. *a tempo.*

shad-ows all come creeping A-round me as I turn. And
then how fast the hours went, But now, a-las! how slow. The

poco rit. *a tempo.*

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cres - - cen - - do. *f* *rall.*

then I see a sweet face From which all care is gone, That
days are all too, long, dear The nights are long - er still; But

cres - - cen - - do. *f* *rall.*

p atempo. *rall.* 1 *atempo.*

starts my soul to dreaming Of old times, love and song. How
I would not re - call you My long - ing heart to

p atempo. *rall.* *atempo.*

2 *atempo.pp*

fill. I know you're way off yon-der, But still you seem with me, And

8

atempo.pp

poco rit. a tempo.

in the eve - ning shad-ows Your form I al - most see. I

poco rit. a tempo.

cres - - cen - - do. f rall.

al - most hear you whis - per These words, "I love but you, And

cres - - cen - - do. f rall.

p a tempo. rall.

soon we'll be u - ni - ted, Sweetheart, be brave, be true."

p a tempo. rall. a tempo. pp

rall. ppp

To E.L.P.

PARTING.

Words by
WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Allegretto sostenuto.

p

p

The light of the morn is breaking A - cross the dis - tant

p

sea,..... But the beau - ty is lost in sad - ness,.... Sweet

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love, when I think of thee. Would it were dark and drear - y, A

mist a - cross the brine, And I were stand - ing

rall. *a tempo.*

rall. *a tempo.*

near thee, With thy dear hand in mine.

ad lib.

colla voce.

morendo.

20 8

ppp

To F. B.

JUST A-WEARYIN' FOR YOU.

Words by
FRANK STANTON.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato.

1. Just a-wear - y - in' for you, All the time a - feel - in' blue,
3. Evenin comes, I miss youmore When the dark gloom's round the door,

Wish - in' for you, wonderin'when You'll be com- in' home a-gain. Rest-less,dontknow
Seems just like you or - ter be There to o - pen it for me. Latchgoes tinklin',

what to do, Just a-wear-y - in' for you.
thrills me through, Sets me weary - in' for you.

Fine.

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p

2. Morn - in' comes, the birds a - wake,

p *delicato.*

Used to sing so for your sake But there's sad - ness

mf

mf

in the notes That comes trill - in' from their throats. Seem to feel your

p *cresc.*

p *cresc.*

ab - sence, too, Just a - wear - y - in' for you.

f *rall.*

f *rall.*

D.S.al Fine. 𝄋

To J. K.

DE LAS' LONG RES'.

Words by
PAUL LAURANCE DUNBAR.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato.

p

Lay me down be-nea' de wil - lows in de
Lay me nigh to whah it makes a lit - tle
Let me set - tle when my shoul-ders drop de

grass, Whah de breeze'll be a singin' as it pass, An' when I'se ly - in' low, I kin
pool, An' de wa-tah stan's so qui-et like an' cool, Whah de lit-tle birds in spring Ust to
load, Nigh e -nough to hear de noises in de road, Foh I tink dat las' long res' Gwine to

dim e rall.

pp

hear it as it go Sing-in', "sleep mah hon - ey, take y'r res' at las'."
come an' drink an' sing, An' de chil - luns waded on derway ter school.
suit my spir - it bes' If I'se ly - in' 'mong de tings I al - ways know'd.

dim. e rall.

pp

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To A. B. H.

I LOVE YOU TRULY.

Words and Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Andante con amore.

p

I love you tru - ly, tru - ly,
Ah love, 'tis some-thing to feel your kind

p legato.

p sempre legato.

dear, Life with its sor - row, life with its tear, Fades in - to
hand, Ah yes, 'tis some-thing by your side to stand; Gone is the

rall.

dreams when I feel you are near, For I love you tru-ly, tru - ly, dear.
sor - row, Gone doubt and fear, For you love me tru-ly, tru - ly, dear.

rall.

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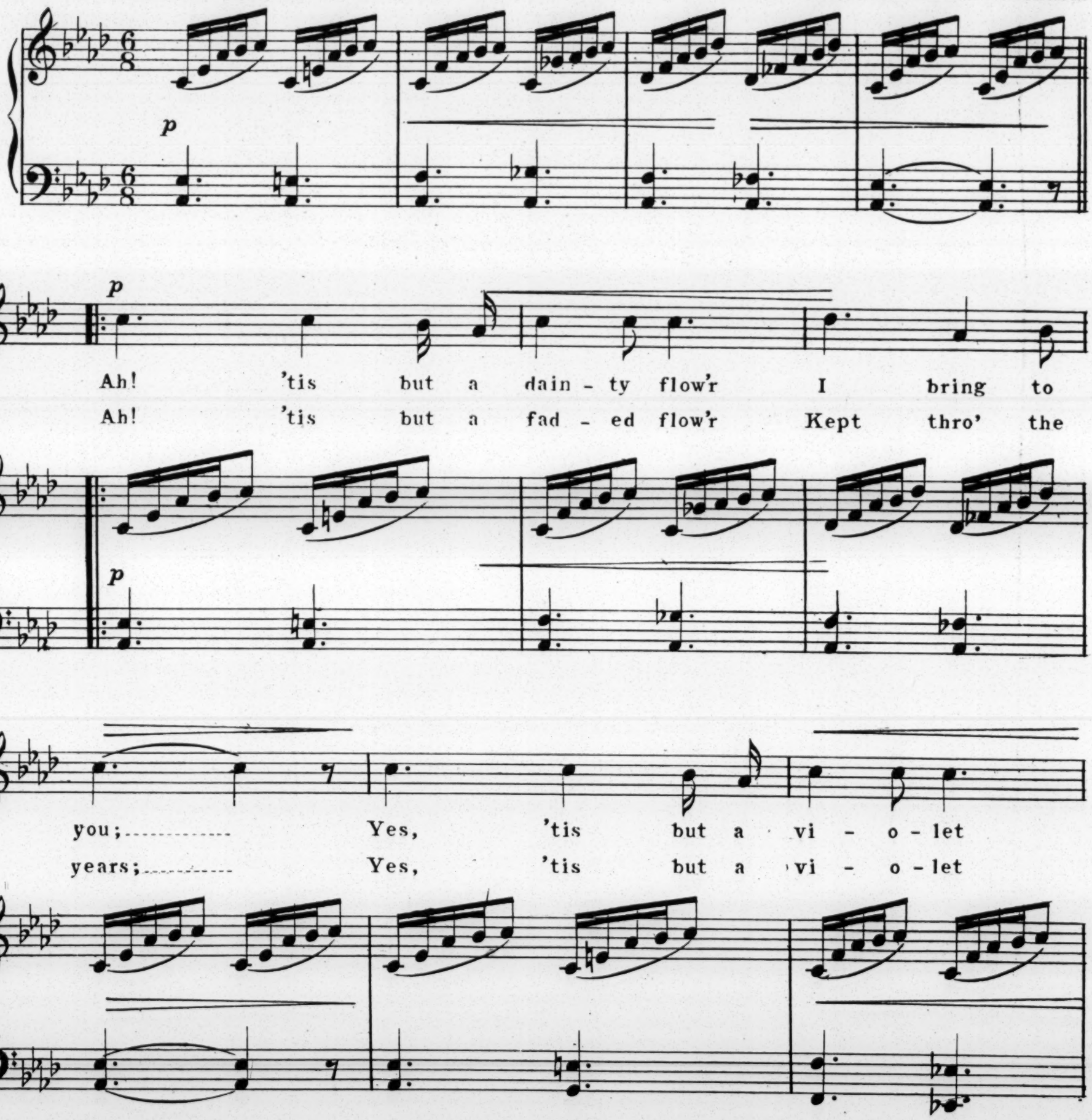
To H.D.P.

STILL UNEXPREST.

Words and Music by
CARRIE JACOBS - BOND.

Allegretto agitato.

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glist - 'ning with dew. But deep in its
wet with my tears. Yet deep in my

heart there lie, Beau - ties con - cealed,
heart of hearts, Tru - est and best,

rall.

So, too, in my heart of hearts, Love un - re -
There lives my love for you Still un - ex -

rall.

a tempo.

vealed.
prest.

a tempo.

morendo. ppp

Ped. *

Dedicated to little John Huntington
and his grandmother.

DES HOLD MY HANDS TONIGHT.

Words and Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Tranquilly.

p molto legato.

p

Some lit - tle child - ren hear a song
Oh, lit - tle hands so soft and white,

rit.

p

that moth - er sweet - ly sings..... When they are tired and
your mem - o - ry I keep..... Could I but live that

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bed - time comes, What joy and peace it brings.....
time a - gain, To lay you down to sleep.....

mp
.And some sweet child - ren take their dolls to hold so snug and
This lone - ly life that I have led would all seem gay and

mp
poco rit. p
tight..... But my own dear - ie al - ways said,
bright..... If I could on - ly hear you say,

poco rit. p
rall.
1 2 pp
"Des hold my hands to - night".....
"Des hold my hands to - - night".....

rall. a tempo. pp

Art, at the last, is a matter of heart, not head; and this fact was brought home to me strongly a few weeks ago on hearing Carrie Jacobs Bond. Here is a woman who writes poems, sets them to music and sings them in a manner that reveals the very acme of art. Her performance is all so gentle, spontaneous and unaffected that you think you could do the same yourself—simple, pattering little child-songs, set to tunes that sing themselves. But in some way they search out the corners of your soul, and make you think of the robin that used to sing at sunset, calling to his lost mate, from the top of a tall poplar in the days of long ago. As a reader and a singer Carrie Jacobs-Bond is as subdued as a landscape by Monet, and as true and effective as a sketch by D. Moville."—*Elbert Hubbard*.

COMPOSITIONS

.....BY.....

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

..SONGS...

Shadows Just A' Wearyin' for You I Love You Truly Still Unexprest Parting "Des Hold My Hands" De Las' Long Res'	"Seven Songs" (Booklet) Price $1.25 Net
Where Youth's Eternal The Lily and the Rose 'Tis Summer in Thine Eyes A Study in Symbols When Church is Out But I Have You Her Greatest Charm When You're Sad Sunshine Po' Lil Lamb Cupid's Home	"Eleven Small Songs" (Booklet) Price $1.25 Net
Have You Seen My Kitten? When My Ship Comes Home The Little Shoe The Bird's Song	"Four Songs" (Booklet) Price 75c Net
Po' Lil' Lamb / Sunshine — Price 50c. Happy Lil' Sal / Trouble — Price 50c.	"Some Lettle Songs of Color"

Two Hard Days For Mother.

"There's just two days that I don't like,"
  Said Mother Bates to me—
"The Circus Day and July Fourth,
  They're hard as they can be.
But when they both come in one week,
  It's just a cryin' sin
To watch the four boys that I've got,
  An' try to keep 'em in.

Now, I don't mean all day, you know—
  But long enough for me
To get 'em lookin' nice an' clean
  An' fit for folks to see.
An' long enough for me to say,
  "Now boys, don't you forget
(Not even if you haven't seen
  The entire Circus yet)

"Come home, for dinner'll taste good
  An' you can go again
An' see the rest this afternoon—
  That Circus'll remain."
But do you think I see a boy
  Until the sun is set?
No, not a boy from Bob to Jim,
  They're 'round that Circus yet.

But if the Circus ended there
  I wouldn't care so much,
The Circus now has just begun—
  I get the final touch—
For every strap that's in our barn
  An' every bit of clothes
That's got a button made of brass
  Out in the wood-shed goes.

An' we've a Circus here at home
  About a week or two
Until my old head nearly busts
  An' somethin' comes that's new.
This year the Circus didn't last,
  The Fourth come in next day,
An' I just thought them boys would die
  A workin' hard that way.

At four o'clock they all got up
  An' each one fired the gun,
An' every livin' thing, I guess,
  Around that farm-yard run
'Cept Pa and me—we'd clean forgot
  That July Fourth was near—
So, night before, we went to bed
  Without a doubt or fear,

An' thinkin' what a blessin' that
  The Circus come and went
Without a broken arm or two,
  An' we was plumb content
When, goodness me! That gun was fired
  An' I thought, "One day more!
Will all my boys be here to-night,
  Or on the other shore?

"Or will they turn from white to black
  By blowin' in the gun?
Or find that one eye is enough
  To see the July fun?
Or just find out one hand will do
  For helpin' on the farm?"
Well—all day long I prayed the Lord
  To keep them boys from harm.

But by an' by—the end it came,
  An' Bob was carried in;
His shirt-sleeve torn to smithereens,
  A bullet in his chin.
But Doctor said, "Oh, he's all right;
  For sure we'll pull him thro'."
An', Mother-like, I kissed that boy,
  As Mothers always do.

An' I forgive him everything
  He'd done since he was born,
An' hurried up to make him feel
  He wasn't as forlorn
As though he'd blowed his head clean off—
  (That's what I thought he'd do)
But honest, how I loved that boy,
  Just loved him thru and thru.

Them other three came walkin' in
  Just like a funeral band,
An' all their faces pale as death
  An' tremblin' every hand;
An' all o' 'em they looked at me
  Thru tears a fallin' fast—
Till finally I had to say,
  "Thank God, this Fourth is past!"

The Path o' Life.

I have a little tale to tell
  (And hope 'twill do some good),
It's 'bout a couple of young folks
A-wa lkin' through a wood.
They started off about noon time,
  Some fifteen years ago,
To take a journey just because
  They didn't exactly know
Its length or hardships would be much,
  They loved each other so.

About the time these two set off
  Another pair set out;
The same Church-door they left behind
  Their hearts all strong and stout.
They all walked down the "Path o' Life,'
  And then 'twas clear and bright,
And looked as though for miles to come
  'Twould all be straight and right.

Of course this weddin' day (I guess)
  Was near the first o' June,
The time o' day.—again I say
  Came pretty nigh to noon.
And if you take life in its Spring
  And just about midway,
This world is bound to look real good
  And things look bright and gay.

That's just the time for weddin's, when
  The birds are singin' sweet,
And the violets are comin' up
  To kiss the fern leaf's feet—
But, enough about the weather
  And the flowers a-bloomin' gay,
I must tell you 'bout my two pair
  Startin' off this weddin' day.

That "Path o' Life" looked pretty smooth
  About a year or two
And then the weeds began to come
  Where once the sweet flow'rs grew.
One pair o' them walked hand in hand
  Altho' the path grew rough;
He helped her over all the stones
  And she called LOVE enough.

The other two? Well, I must tell
  Their hands loosed on the way,
And their paths widened as they walked
  And clouds came every day,
And all because they didn't know
  That burdens shared by two
Will always lighten fully half
  If hearts are strong and true.

And so my two pair wandered on—
  On thro' the "Path o' Life";
One pair caught all the sunshine,
  So God called them "man and wife".
My other pair are lost to sight,
  Their forms no more I see,
Lost somewhere on the "Path o' Life",
  For they could not agree.

When stones were rough, she would complain
  And, answerin', he would say,
"Just come along now, Mary Ann,
  You helped to make the day
When we this journey undertook;
  I've done the best I could;
Come, hurry up and catch me now,
  It's dark here in this wood."

And so she wanders on alone;
  He thinks he's bein' kind;
But by and by he finds, alas!
  That Mary's far behind.
And then he wonders where she is,
  And what she's doin' now;
And as he thinks how they have walked,
  A frown comes on his brow.

And then he wonders how it is
  This world for him is cold,
And lightnin'-like a thought comes in—
  Why, he is growin' old;
And that smooth path he once called "life"
  All full o' briers has grown,
And that companion he called "wife"
  Is lost and he's alone.

I guess a morai is a thing
  That you don't need just now,
But I would like to say a word
  To smooth each wrinkled brow.
Just grasp the hand that's in your path—
  Sometimes the path is long—
And life is sweeter when you have
  Companions, with a song.
Kind words smooth all the "Path o' Life"
  And smiles make burdens light,
But uncomplainin' friends can make
  A day-time out o' night.

Talkin' About Little Things.

You say I see the little things
  Well yes, I guess I do.
For big things seldom come along
  To folks like me, that's true,
And little things are all I have
  To come and help me thru
This world o' trvin' to get on
  With comforts small and few.

A talkin' about little things—
  Now, there's a baby's smile—
Do you suppose a millionaire
  Could have that for a while
And love it and forget it
  In the hum and buzz o' style,
And ever feel the same again
  Without that baby's smile?

Still talkin' about little things,
  Now there's a baby tear—
Who ever saw the quiverin' lid
  With baby pain or fear,
Give out its little message
  And not feel their hearts go near
To comfort and caress it
  And to wipe away the tear?

The very smallest o' small things
  Amounts to lots in life
And folks could find a heap o' help
  To carry 'em thru' strife,
If they would only look along
  Just where they're walkin' now,
Instead o' lookin' way ahead
  An' furrowin' their brow—

'Cause what you look for way ahead
  Sometimes you never find,
Its only what you've got in sight
  Or what you've left behind,
That ever does you any good
  (By livin' I know this)
But seein' small things as you go
  You very little miss.

Take anything that you can't buy
  And try it for a while
Course what you get for nothin'
  Don't seem worth a tear or smile,
But by and by you will be seein'
  Somethin' come along
That just grew out o' nothin'
  An' grew mighty big and strong.

Now, here's a lingo told you
  By beginnin' with a smile—
An' talkin' 'bout a baby
  Precious little for a while.
But you know that baby's growin'
  An' he soon'll be a man
And you know its truth I'm tellin'
  Look and find it—'cause you can.

Ten Songs

as unpretentious
as the Wild Rose

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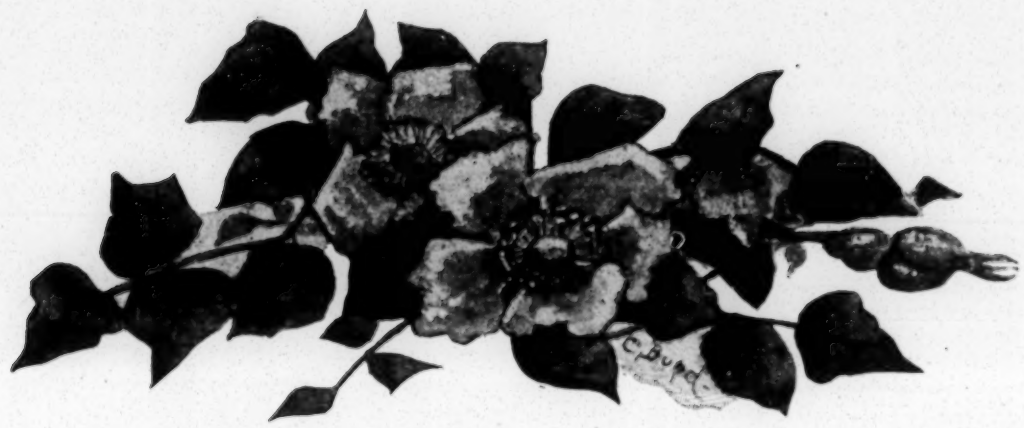
I consider your songs so distinctive that it becomes
a pleasurable duty for me to sing them myself
Sincerely your friend,

David Bispham.



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When Do I Want You Most.

Where To Build Your Castles.

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To Bessie

My Dearest Dear.

Words and music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Allegretto moderato.

p

mf

p

Do you re-mem-ber our part - ing, Hands clasped and tears wild - ly

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start - ing, Words, use-less words, had been spo - ken be-tween us, My

dear - - est dear. My love to you had been

giv - en, For a re-turn it had striv - en,

Vain - ly I asked you to tell me you loved me, My dear - - est

dear. Then were my days bit-ter sad - ness,

Then were my nights cold and drear; On - ly in dreams knew I

glad - ness, Dreams when your sweet face was near.

But now the joy of the meet - ing, Hands clasped and hearts wild-ly

mp

beat - ing, Now what a joy to be with you once more, Oh, my

mp

p

dear - - est dear! Life with-out you was so

p

lone - ly, My love was yours, and yours on - ly. Oh, what a joy to be

mf

mf

rit.

with you and know that you love me, my dear-est dear.

rit.

Ped. *

To Mr Victor W. Sincere

Good Night.

Words by
CLARENCE OUSLEY.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato tranquillo.

Good night. With-

out a care or sor-row Save im-pa-tience for the mor-row, Ba-by

sleeps in fai-ry deeps, Good night. Good night.

The rap-tured lov-er lin-gers, Touch-ing lips and press-ing

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fin - gers, All too soon de-clines the moon, Good night, good

night. Good night, good night. The em-bers turn to

ash - es, Eyes are closed with weight-ed lash - es; Hushed is life be-yond all

strife, Good night, . good night.

To my son

In a Foreign Land.

Words and music by
CARRIE JACOBS - BOND.

Moderato grazioso.

The skies are blu - er here, my love, Than in the land we
The clouds may gath - er dark, my love, When you are by my

knew, The birds sing sweet-er here, my love, Than our birds used to
side, And ev - 'ry bird may cease its song, And ev - 'ry ill be -

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do; But oh, the lone - li - ness I feel, Their beau - ty's naught to
tide; But far be - yond the clouds, my love, I know our sun must

mf

me, For ev - 'ry hour my heart re - peats, "It's
shine, And ev - 'ry hour I think of thee But

mf

f *rall.*

noth - ing with - out thee, — It's noth - ing with - out thee."
makes my soul more thine, But makes my soul more thine.

f *rall.* *a tempo*

rit.

To Miss Martha Tyler

The Gate of Tears.

★ Words by
Mme. DUCLAUX.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Allegretto con espressione.

mf

Far up-on the far-ther side Of the Gate of Tears,—

Lies a coun-try calm and wide Thro' the Gate of Tears;—

There is peace at e-ven-tide Far up-on the far-ther side

rit.

rit.

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doloroso

p

Of the Gate of Tears,— Of the Gate of Tears.

p

p

Nev-er gale or tem-pest blows Thro' the Gate of Tears,—

p

That au-tum-nal val-ley knows Nei-ther night-in-gale nor rose,

mf

All the hills are crowned with snows Where the snow-drop peers.

mf

poco rit.

mf

There a bro-ken heart may rest Free from hopes or fears,

mf

Un - de-sir - ing, un - dis-tressed Thro' the Gate of Tears,

rit.

While the sun - set in the West Gilds the worst and grays the best

rit.

p *doloroso*

Thro'the Gate of Tears, Thro'the Gate of Tears.

p

f

Man and Woman.

Words by
W. D. NESBIT.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Allegretto.

mf *pp* *mp*

p

Man tells his fish - ing tales; and he Is prone to let his fan-cies stray, Un-
And wo-man, rem - i - nis - cent, too, Will oft - en shake her pret-ty head, And

p

til he al-most makes us see The mam-moth fish ____ that got a-way.
tell of how they came to woo The count-less men ____ she did not wed.

pp *mp*

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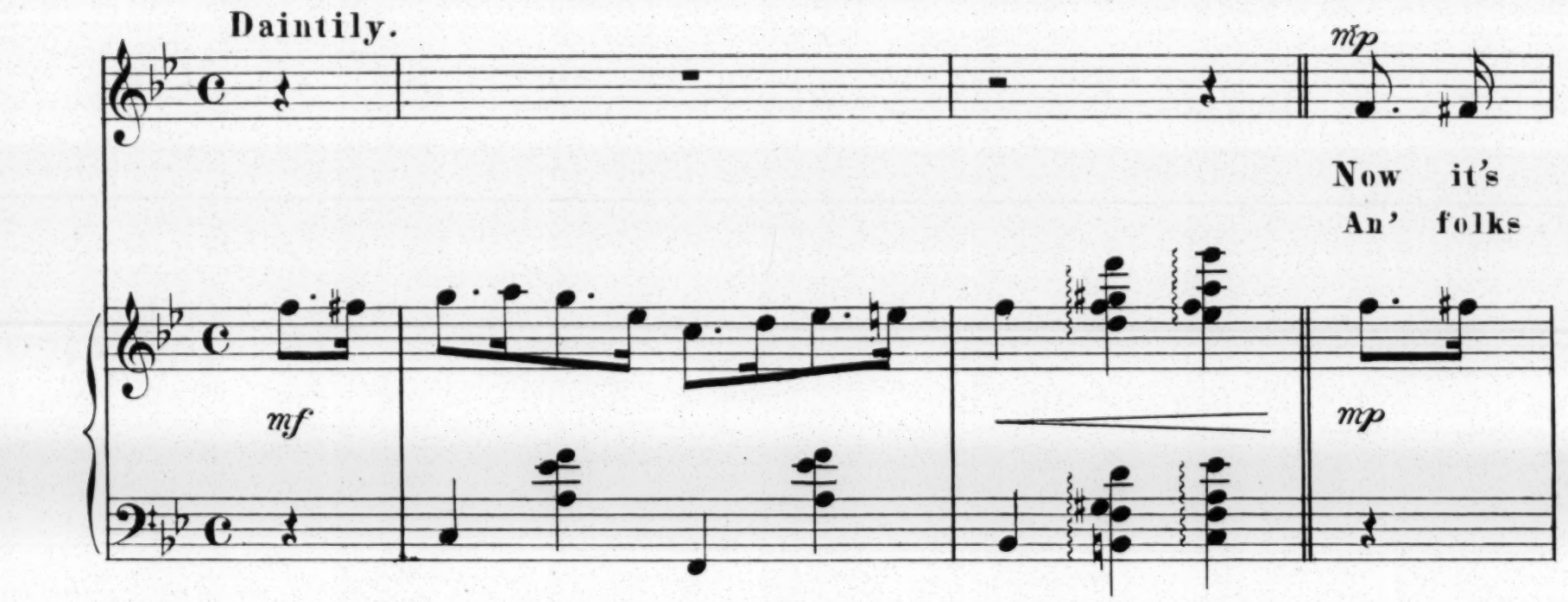
Dedicated to
BESSIE.

JUST BY LAUGHING.

Words
ANONYMOUS

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Daintily.
mp
Now it's
An' folks
mf
mp
cu - rious what a sight o' good a lit - tle thing 'll do, An' how
some-times fail to see the pos - si - bil - i - ties that lie In the

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you kin stop the fiercest storm when it be-gins to brew, An'
way your mouth is curv-in' an' the twinkle in your eye. It

take the sting from what commenced to rankle when 'twas spoke By just
ain't so much what's said that hurts as what you think lies hid, An' it

keep-in' still an' treat-in' it as if it was a joke. You'll
ain't so much the do-in' as the way the thing is did. An'

Just by laughing.

find that you kin fill a place with smiles instead o' tears, An'
many a home's kept hap - py an' con - tent - ed day by day, An'

keep the sun - shine gleamin' thro' the shadows of the years Just by
like as not a kingdom has been rescued from de - cay Just by

poco rit.
a tempo.
mf
poco rit.
a tempo.
mf

laugh - ing,
laugh - ing,
just by laugh - ing.
just by laugh - ing.

p
mf

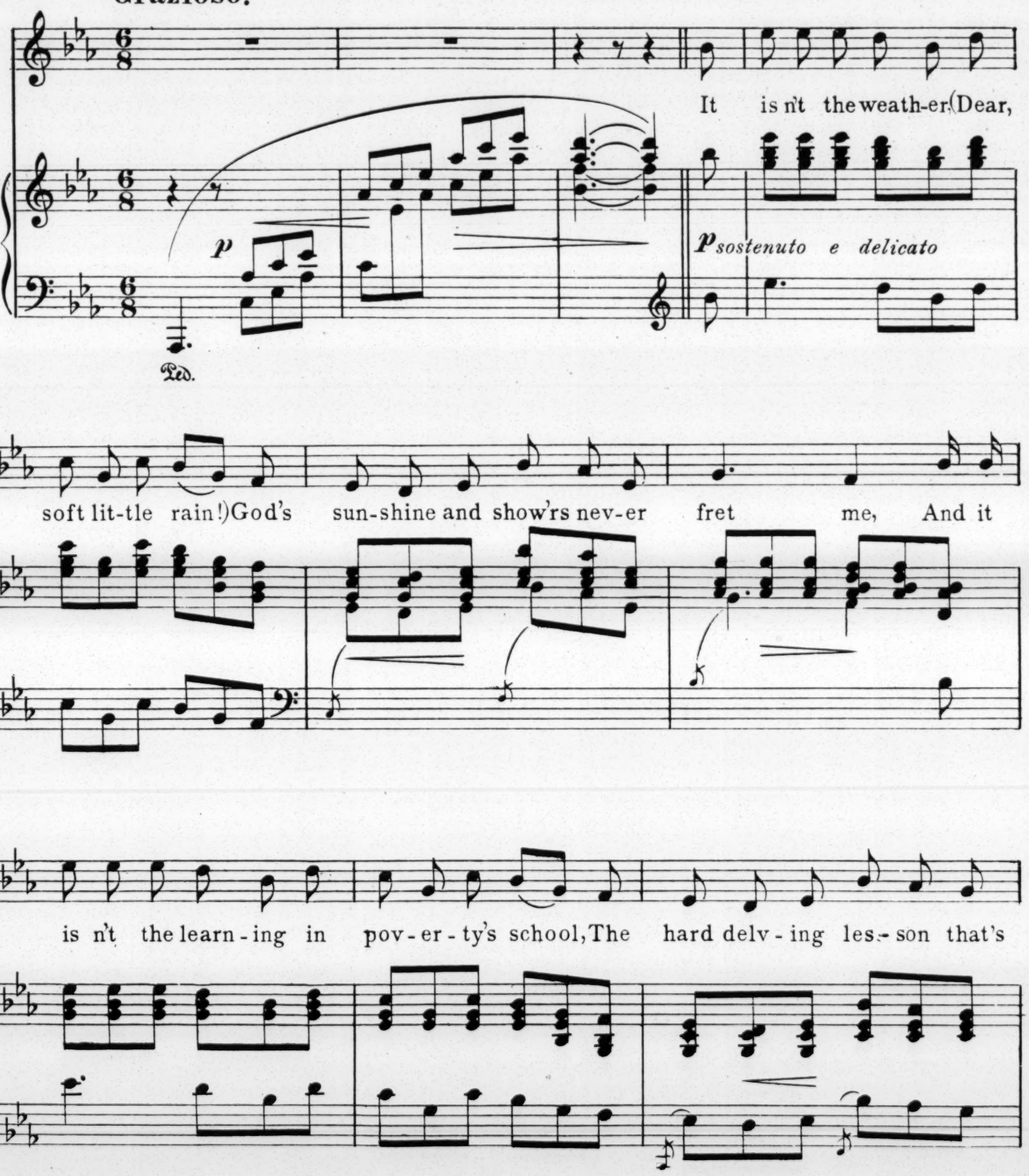
Just by laughing.

To Harriet

Just Lonesome.

Words by
HARRIET AXTELL JOHNSTONE.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Grazioso.

It is n't the weath-er (Dear,
p
Ped.
p sostenuto e delicato
soft lit-tle rain!) God's sun-shine and show'rs nev-er fret me, And it
is n't the learn-ing in pov-er-ty's school, The hard delv-ing les-son that's

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set me: For sun fol - lows rain And sav - ing makes gain, But

Time can't give back a dead lov - er, And in spite of the sun and the

gold to be won, There's a sob that no laugh - ter can cov - er.

There's not e - ven a rhyme for this

Ped.

one drear-y line, And there's no oth-er word holds the mean - ing; It

car-ries a heart-ache Wher - ev-er it's heard, And brings e-ven des-o-late

dream - ing, Just lone - - some. —

8

pp

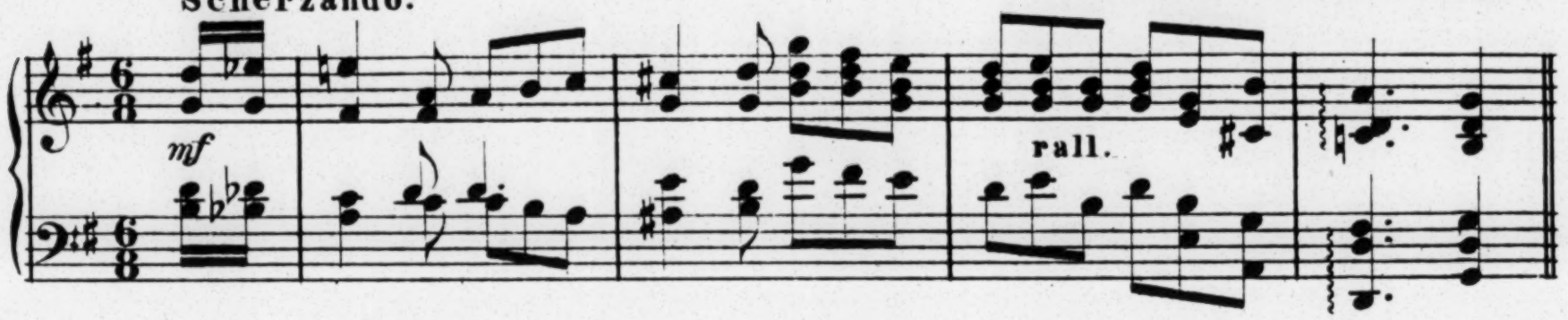
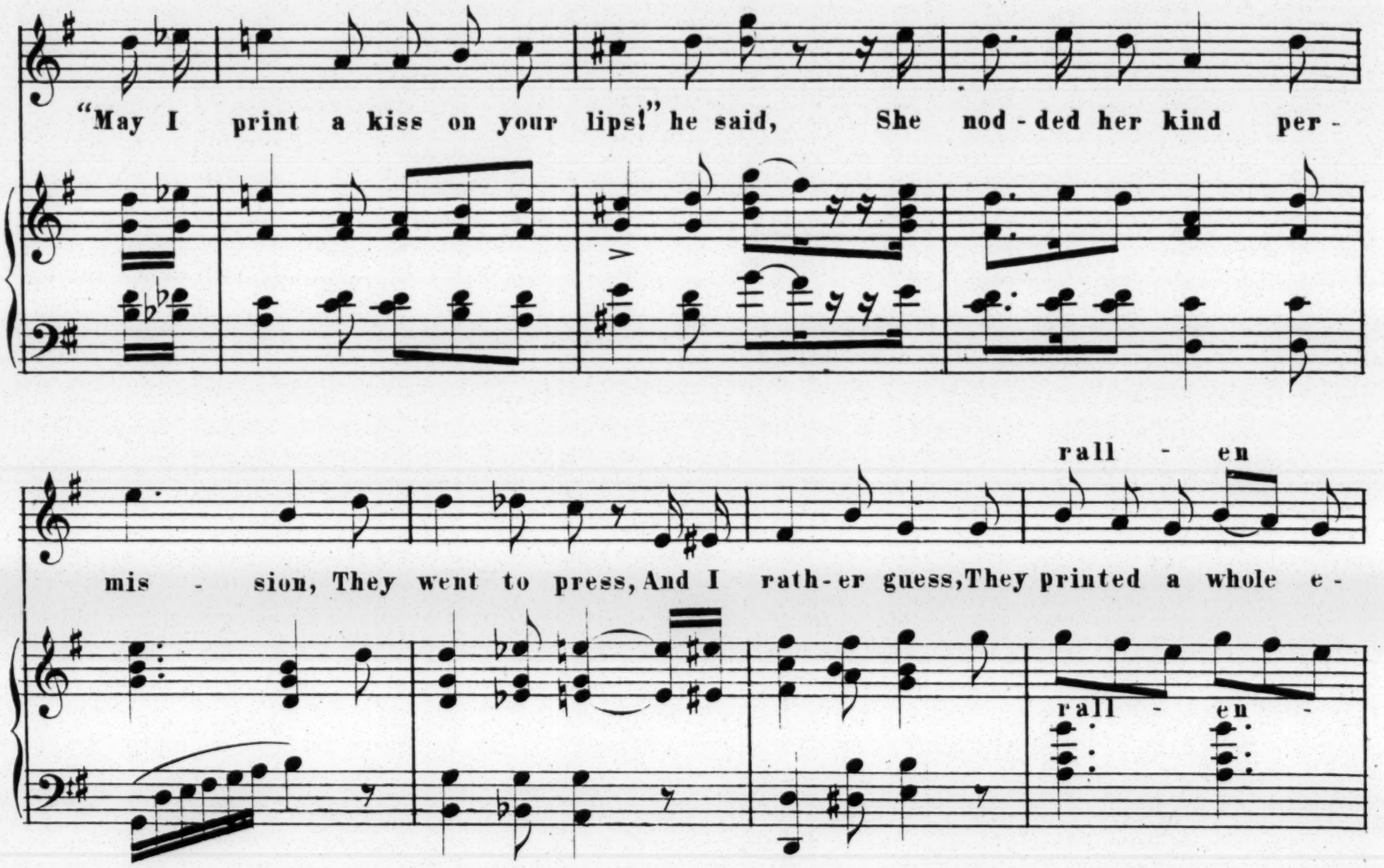
Ped. * Ped. *

To Jessie Bartlett Davis.

MAY I PRINT A KISS.

Words Anonymous.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Scherzando.

"May I print a kiss on your lips!" he said, She nod-ded her kind per-
rall - en
mis - sion, They went to press, And I rath-er guess, They printed a whole e-
rall - en -
- tan - - do.
di - tion, They print-ed a whole e - di - tion.
- tan - - do.

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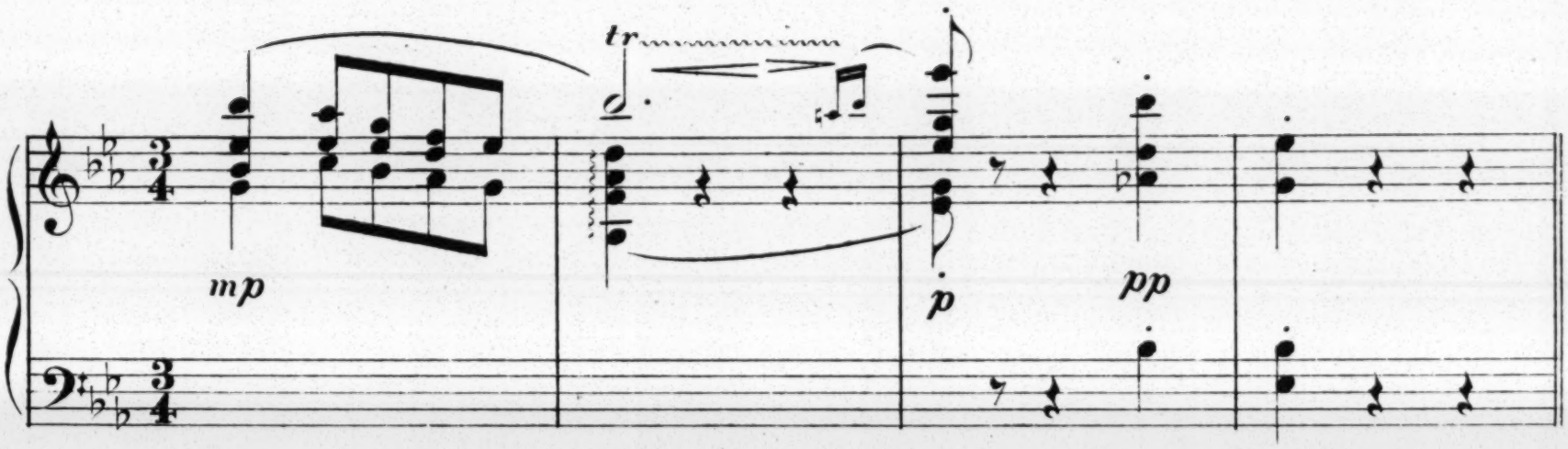
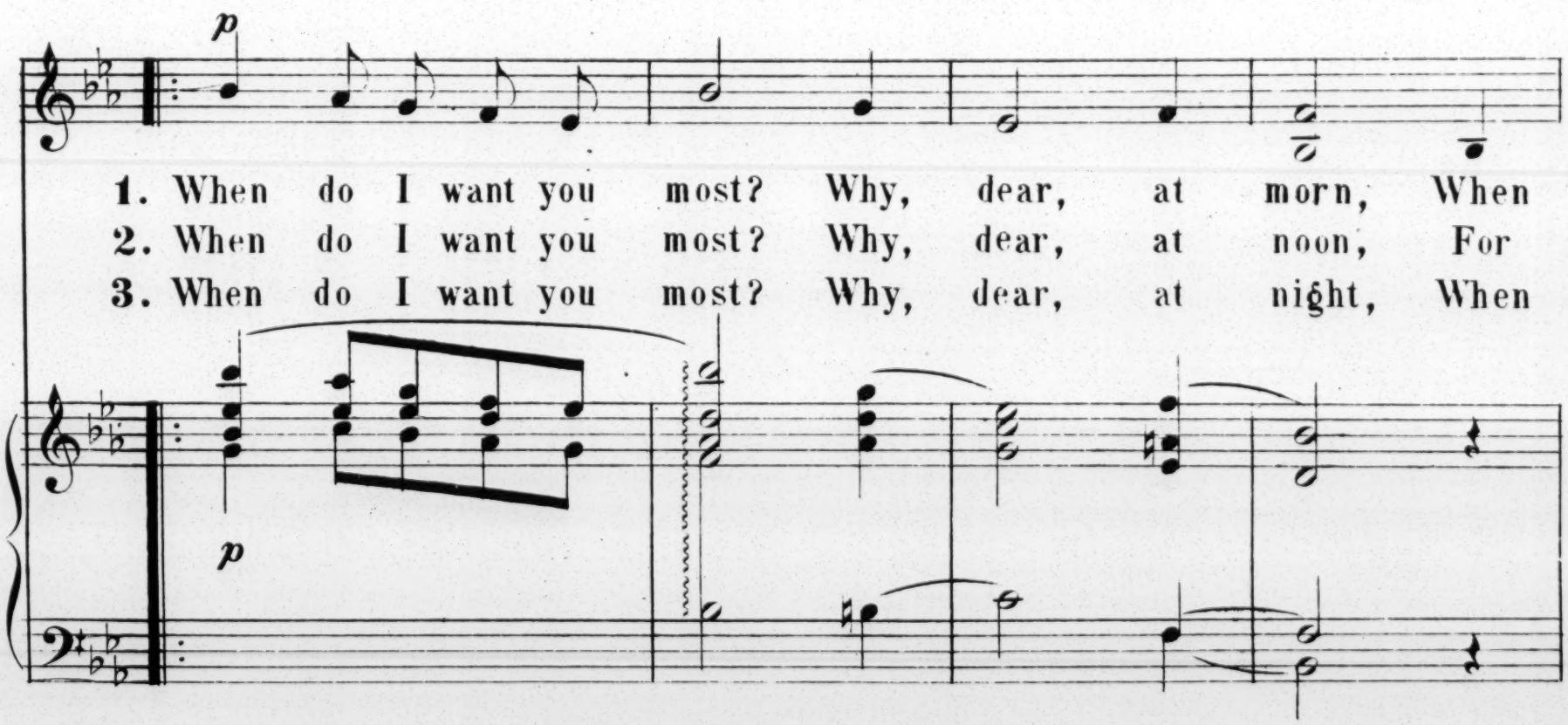
Edna Barnes Jones.

WHEN DO I WANT YOU MOST?

Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.


p
1. When do I want you most? Why, dear, at morn, When
2. When do I want you most? Why, dear, at noon, For
3. When do I want you most? Why, dear, at night, When
p

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ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL, LONDON, ENGLAND.

the first sun-beams on the sill Shake out their glit-t'ring fringe, And
then th'enchant-ed meadows smile As if it still were June; A
in the stars that rise for both I read your love in light, When

mp

all the sky is tender yet With dawn's dull roseate tinge, When
hundred fields of bloss'ming flax Are blue as when I came, The
mem'ry tells its ro-sa-ry, And days we did not share Slip

mp

ev-'ry flut-ed blade and leaf With fair-y gems are strung. Then
oriole flash-es up the sky In narrow lines of flame. When
si-lent on the golden string Like beads without a pray'r. When

is the time I want you most, Be-cause the day is young, Then
the white roads are drenched with sun, And pine woods scent the air, Then
fire-flies light their fair-y lamps To lead my long-ings on, Then

mf

is the time I want you most, Be - cause the day is
is the time I want you most, Be - cause the day is
is the time I want you most, Be - cause the day is

mf

young.
fair.
gone.

mf *tr* *p* *pp*

To Robert Tait Mc Kenzie, M.D.

WHERE TO BUILD YOUR CASTLES.

CARRIE JACOBS BOND.

Just build your castles in the air While you are young and life is
Of course we like to build on earth When we are young and life is
fair, For bye - and - bye, when youth is gone, And
mirth, But time a - lone can tell the fate, Of

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days and years are not so long, As when you sang your youthful song, What
castles builded here to wait, For him who finds, a - las, too late, That

then seemed right will now be wrong; But castles you build in the air Will
castles here are des - o - late, That on - ly castles in the air Can

last for aye and still be fair, But castles you build in the
live for aye and still be fair, That on - ly castles in the

1. 2.

air Will last for aye and still be fair..... fair..... So
air Can live for aye and still be

if you want a castle rare You'll have to build it _ in the air, For

that's the on-ly place I know Where castles always stay "just so," Where

walls dont crack and hearts don't break, And cares will not keep you a - wake_ For

on-ly castles in the air Can last for aye and still be fair, For

on-ly castles in the air, Can last for aye and still be fair.....

Eleven small Songs

as unpretentious
as the Wild Rose

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WHEN YOU'RE SAD

SUNSHINE

PO' LIL' LAMB!

CUPID'S HOME

WHERE YOUTH'S ETERNAL.

Words
ANONYMOUS.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Allegretto moderato.

f

poco rit.

mf

I love you so that when the sun shall rise no more for you, I shall not

mf a tempo.

cres -

- - cen - - - do.

f grandioso.

rall.

fret, I shall not fret. No tears shall gather in my

rall.

- - cen - - - do.

f

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longing eyes, No tears shall gather in my long-ing eyes, For

ff

rall.

p a tempo.

f

I shall seek you ere the sun be set, Where youth's e - ternal and the heaven's

ff

rall.

p a tempo.

f

wide.

Con spirito.

ff

rit.

fff

Where youth's eternal.

To Henry O. Price.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

Words by
LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato.

p

The lily lifts to mine her nun-like face, But

molto legato.

p *p*

my wild heart is beating for the rose; How can I pause to heed the lily's grace? Shall

rall.

I repent me by and by— who knows? who knows?

rall.

p

dim.

ppp

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To Sibyl Sammis.

'TIS SUMMER IN THINE EYES.

Words by
HEINRICH HEIN.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Allegretto con brioso.

mf

'Tis

f

mf

summer, glo-rious summer with-in thine eyes di-vine, 'Tis winter, i-cy

cres

winter in that si-lent heart of thine. 'Twill not be so for-ev-er, mine

cres

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cen - - - do.

f

own true love thou art; In thine eyes it may be winter, 'twill be summer in thine

cen - - - do.

f

ff

heart; In thine eyes it may be winter, 'twill be summer in thine

rit.

f

10

brillante.

ff

rit.

f

Ped

heart.

ad lib.

8

9

brillante.

f à tempo.

sfz

Ped

'Tis summer in thine eyes.

To Mrs. O. L. Fox.

A STUDY IN SYMBOLS.

Words by
CLARENCE URMY.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Andante moderato.

p cres - - - cen - - do. f p rall.

pp cres - - - cen - - do. mf rit. p a tempo.

From blue to red, From red to gold, From gold to gray— So turns the

pp cres - - - cen - - do. rit. mf p a tempo.

rall.

sky; So fades the light,..... So ends the day.

rall.

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pp cres - - - cen - - - do.

From ease to strife, From strife to pain, From pain to

pp cres - - - cen - - - do.

mf rit. *p* a tempo. rall.

peace_ So life shall wane; So grief de - cline,.....

rit. *p* a tempo. rall.

mf

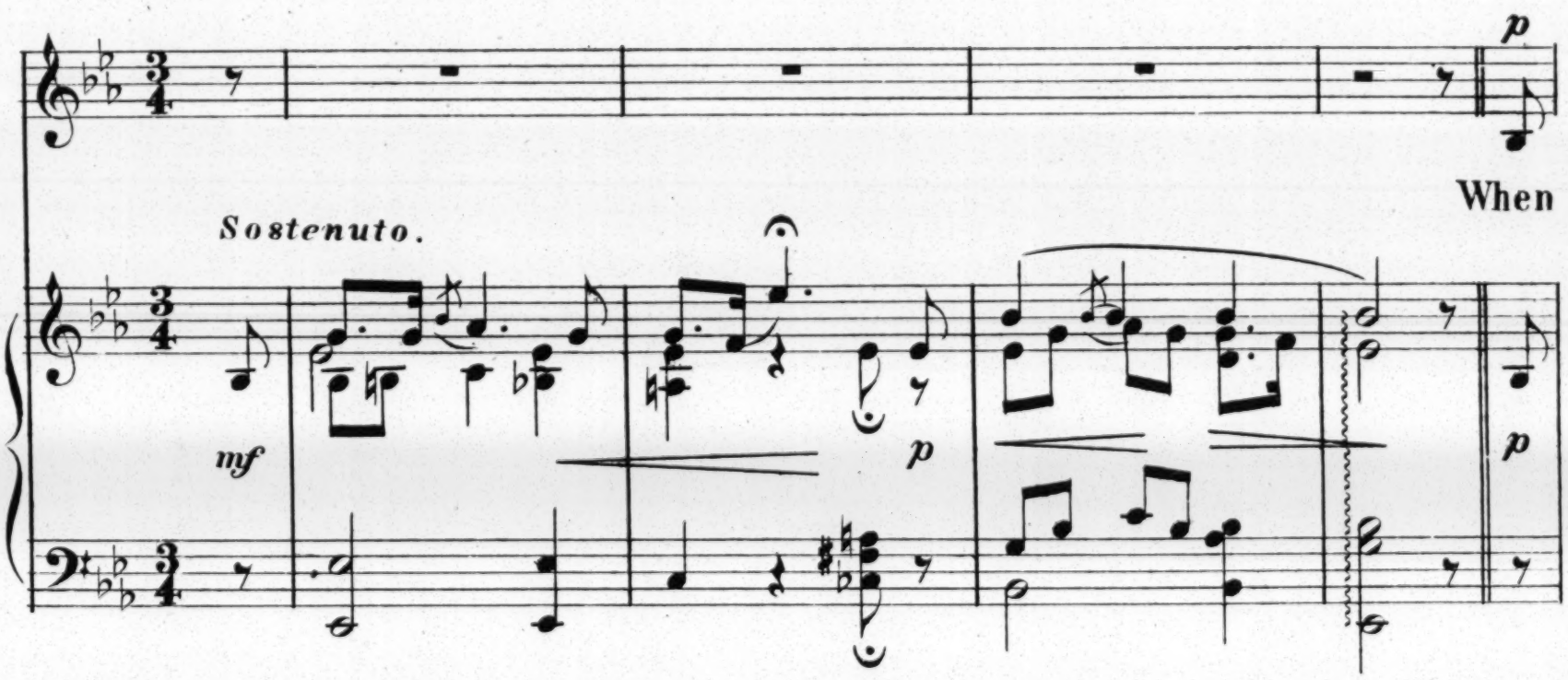
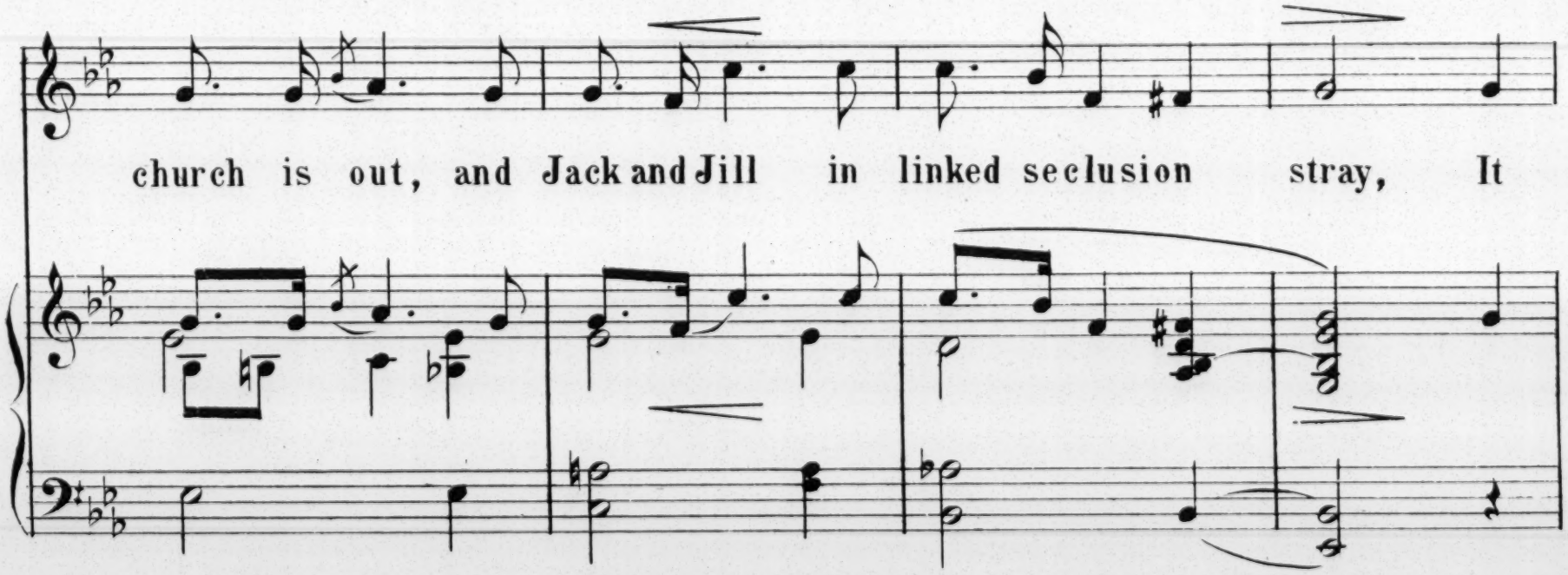
pp

So toil shall cease.....

pp

Dedicated to
Mrs. E.P. DOTY,
Janesville, Wis.

WHEN CHURCH IS OUT.

Words from "PUCK". **CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.**



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ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL, LONDON, ENGLAND.

mf *p*

takes them two long lone - ly hours to pick their homeward way; And

mf *p*

as 'tis scarce - ly half a mile, no reason can I find Why

cresc. *f* *mp*

it should take so very long, ex-cept that love is blind.

cresc. *f* *mp* *adagio.*

Ped ✻

When Church is out.

BUT I HAVE YOU.

Andante.

Words and Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

pp poco rit. a tempo.

p

The tempest beats up-on my soul, dear heart, But I have you; The
How could I sing, how could I smile, dear heart, From day to day? Where

p

rall.

world seems cold and I am sad, dear heart, But you are true, But you are true.
could I go, how could I live, dear heart, With you a - way? With you a - way?

rall. a tempo.

pp m.g. *Ped* ✲

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To Miss Julia Putnam.

HER GREATEST CHARM.

Words
ANONYMOUS.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Allegretto scherzoso.

p

The violet lingers

mp

p

in her eye, The roses on her cheek, Her dainty lips of poppy leaf with

poco rit. a tempo.

pearls play hide and seek; But the dearest of the blossoms, Which her many charms dis-

poco rit. a tempo.

f

close, Is the funny lit - tle dan-de - lion freckle on her nose.

f

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WHEN YOU'RE SAD.

Words and Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Andante.

p

When you're sad and lone - ly, do you

p rit.

p a tempo.

wish that I were near? When the world seems cold and dark, would

mf

my voice give you cheer? When the tempest beats upon the craft you call your heart,

mf

rall.

Would you smile to see me, dear, and sigh when we should part?

rall.

pp morendo.

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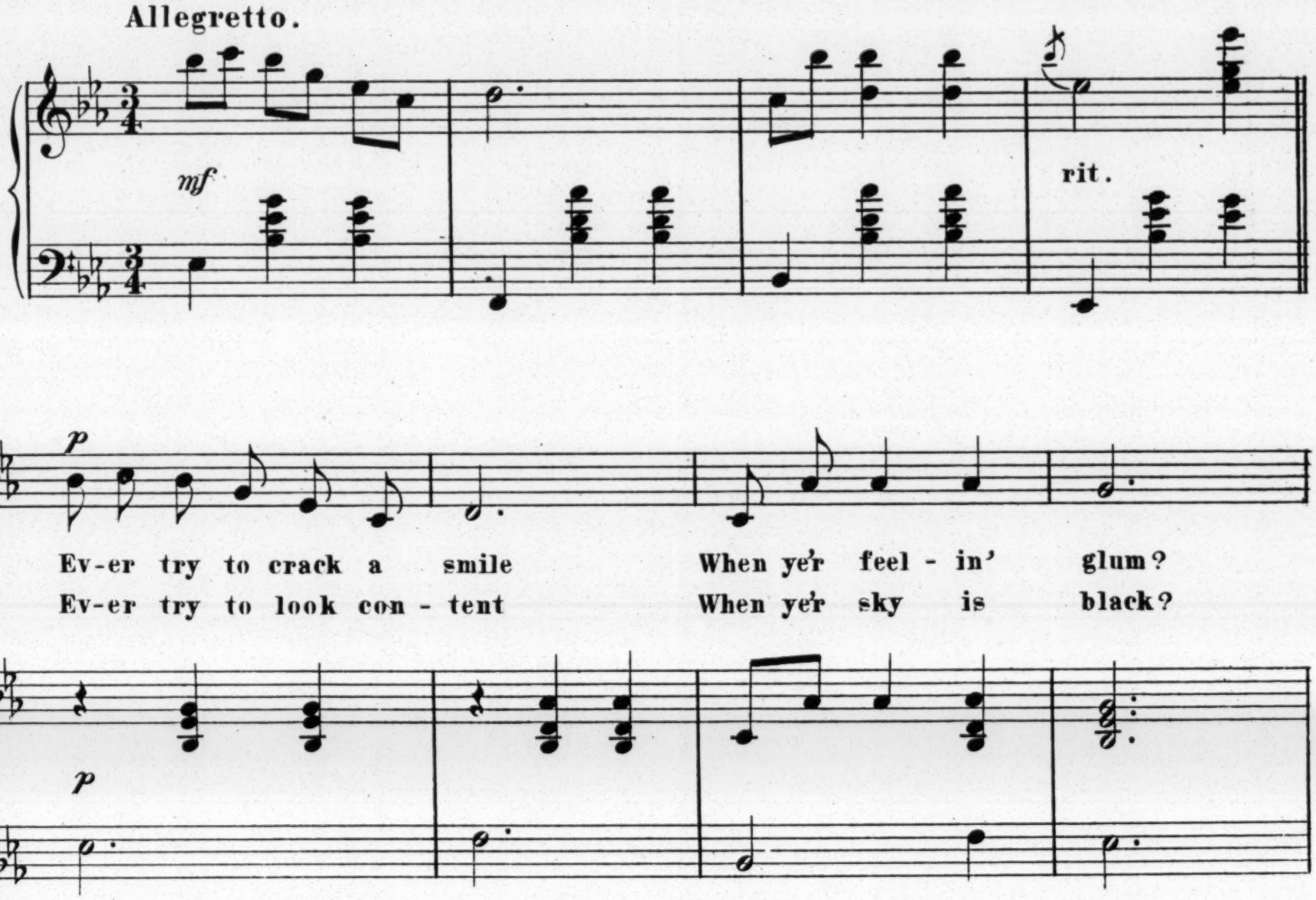
To
Ruth Way Hall.

SUNSHINE.

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Allegretto.

mf
rit.
p
Ev-er try to crack a smile When ye'r feel - in' glum?
Ev-er try to look con - tent When ye'r sky is black?
p
Er when ye'r all out o' sorts Jes' to whistle some?
Ev-er try to look for flow'rs Growin' long yer track?

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poco rit.

Ef y' do, fust thing y' know Y' won't feel so glum,
Ef y' do, fust thing y' know Sky 'll jes' git blue,

poco rit.

a tempo.

Things 'll kinder jes' clear up, An' the sun-shine come.
An ye'll see jes' lots o' flow'rs Smilin' up at you.

a tempo.

mf

rit.

To Ella Judd Mitchell.

PO' LIL' LAMB!

Words by
PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato grazioso.

1. Bed-time's come fo' lil' boys, you po' lil' lamb!
2. You been bad the live-long day, you po' lil' lamb!
3. Come hyeah! you mos'tiah'd to def, you po' lil' lamb!
4. Lay yo' haid down in my lap, you po' lil' lamb!

Too tiah'd out to make a noise, you po' lil' lamb! Gwine to have to-morrer sho'?
Throwin' stones an' runnin' way, you po' lil' lamb! My! but you's a runnin' wild,
Play'd yo'-se'f clean out o' bref, you po' lil' lamb! See dem han's now, sich a sight!
Y'ought to have a right down slap, you po' lil' lamb! You been run-nin' roun' a heap,

Yes, you tole me dat be-fo', Don' you fool me, chile, no mo'- you po' lil'
Look jes' like some po' folk chile, Mam gwine whip you at-ter while, you po' lil'
Would you ev-ah b'lieve dey's white! Stan' still! while I wash dem right, you po' lil'
Shet dem eyes an' don' you peep, Dah now! dah now! go to sleep, you po' lil'

rall.

a tempo.

lamb!

1,2 & 3.

4.

p dolce.

delicato

pp

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Dedicated to
Mr. FREDERIC W. ROOT.
Chicago.

CUPID'S HOME.

Words and Music by CARRIE JACOBS BOND.

Allegro.

mp

rit.

Allegretto semplice.

p

I heard a gen-tle knocking at the door of my heart, A
Oh, who could long re-sist a pleading voice like that, A

p

tim-id lit-tle voice said, "Tis I,..... I am so sad and
tender lit-tle voice so sweet?..... If he loved me, loved me

lone-ly, I love you, love you on-ly, Oh hasten dear and
on-ly, Then he knew I too were lone-ly When he asked me just to

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ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL, LONDON, ENGLAND.

mf *con espress.* *p*

let me in..... I'll just stay un-til to-morrow, And
let him in..... He has lightened all my sorrow, And to-

mf *p*

then I'll take your sorrow, And car-ry it for-ev-er from your
mor-row and to-mor-row You will find him liv-ing still within my

più lento. *mp*

life..... Why are you hes-i-tating? Pray do not keep me
heart..... I could part without re-gretting Ev-'ry-thing but love for-

più lento. *mp*

poco accel. *rit.*

waiting, But has-ten dear and let me in..... My
getting And Cu-pid, Love, I've locked you in..... And

poco accel. *rit.*

mf a tempo animato.

name is Cu-pid, on - ly Cu - pid,..... But by and by you'll
I will hold the key for - ev - er,..... For - ev - er, my

mf a tempo animato. mp

cresc.

call me Love..... I'll be your friend in - deed, I'll
lit - tle love..... You've proved my friend in - deed, You've

cresc.

mf

be your friend in need, Oh hasten dear, and let me in, let me in, Oh
proved my friend in need, And from you I will nev - er, part, never part, And

mf

f

1. 2.

hasten dear and let me in"..... nev - er part.....
from you I will

f

Ped * Ped * Ped *

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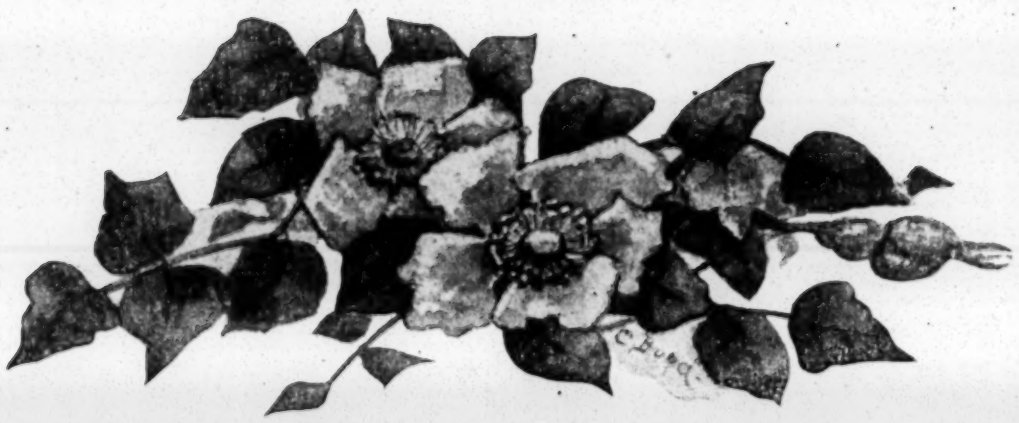

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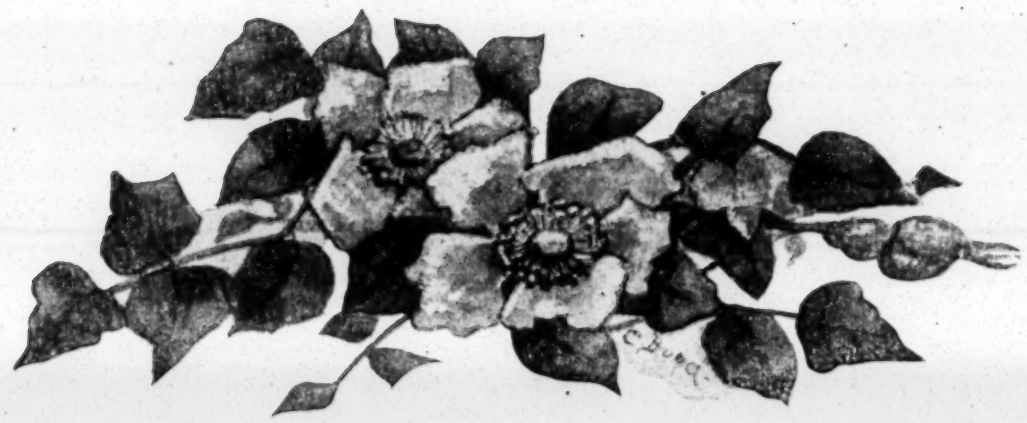

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JULES F. WEGMAN 1900

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To Maude Wellings Bronson.

When I Bid The World Good Night.

Words by CATHCART BRONSON. Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Allegretto.

mp *p*

I hope there will be a sunset gold-en, When I bid the world good-night; I hope there will be no lead-en sky For clouding my fail-ing sight. And I want to sail down the crim-son west When the o-cean rocks the

Poem from Mr. Bronson's book of "Soul Imortal."

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rall. a tempo.

sun to rest And the stars shine out on eve's fair breast, When I

rall. a tempo.

rall. a tempo.

bid the world good - night. I

rall. a tempo.

hope they will surge a flood of song To drive a - way ev - 'ry

fear, A croon - ing breeze 'mid the list - 'ning trees As the

twi-light draw - eth near, And I want to hear the nest - ing bird, And the

rall. a tempo.

tink - ling bells of the hom - ing herd, A sooth - ing voice and a

rall. a tempo.

ten - der word When I bid the world good - night,

rall. a tempo.

pp

good - night, good - night.

To Mabel Geneva Sharp.

TIME MAKES ALL BUT LOVE THE PAST.

Words & Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Con espressione.

p

rall. *pp*

p

The birds don't sing as sweet-ly as they did when I was young, I
I used to love the twi-light, to hear the crick-et sing, But

see the sun-beams thro' a mist, Yet sor-row makes us strong; And
now the time 'twixt day and night Can on-ly sor-row bring. How

as I hear the ech-o of a voice I knew of old, A
sad to part from those we love, how hard to say good-bye, But

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gain I hear the harp - si - chord, a - gain this song is told.
lis - ten to the harp - si - chord, old songs can nev - er die.

L.H. *rall.*

Grazioso.

Time makes all but love the past, Love is ev - er new; Should the dark-ness

gath-er fast I could still see you. I could hear your voice so sweet

rall. *a tempo.*

singing thro' the years, I could see the face I loved thro' a mist of tears.

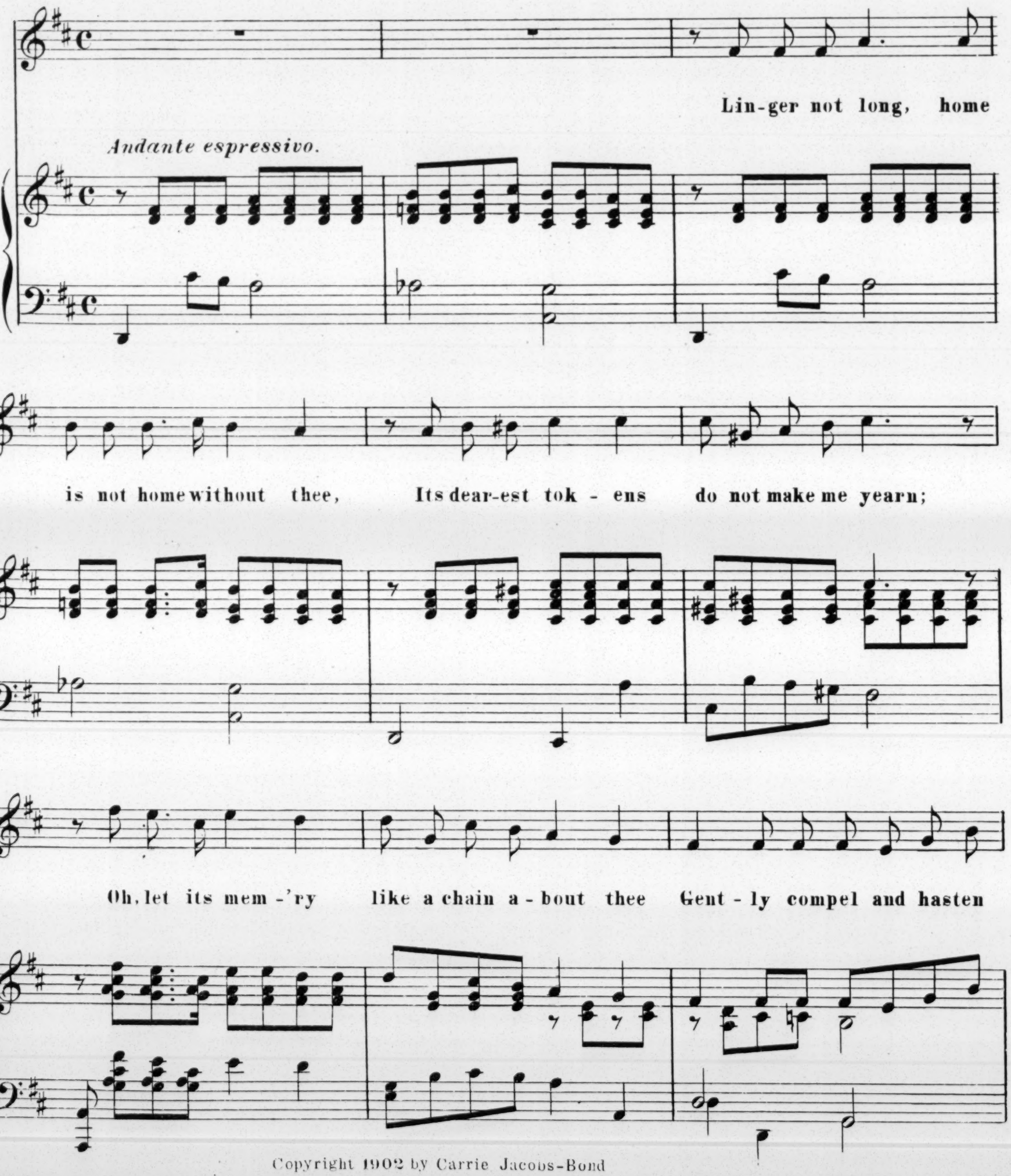
rall. *a tempo.*

1 2

To Mr. Edwin Wareham.

LINGER NOT.

Words anonymous.

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Lin-ger not long, home
Andante espressivo.
is not home without thee, Its dear-est tok - ens do not make me yearn;
Oh, let its mem -'ry like a chain a - bout thee Gent - ly compel and hasten

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thy re - turn. Yet I should grieve not

mf

tho' the eye that see - eth Gaz-eth thro' tears that make its splendor dull,

For oh! I some times fear when thou art with me, My cup of hap-pi-ness is

all too full; My cup of hap-pi - ness is all too full.

To Mr. Charles W. Clark.

UNTIL GOD'S DAY.

Words by FRANK L. STANTON.

Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

p Recit.

A lit-tle while to walk with

Patetico con espress.

p

poco rit.

p

you my own, On.- ly a lit - tle way-

Then one of us must weep and walk a - lone un - til God's day.

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A lit - tle while it is so sweet to live to - geth - er,

That I know life would not have one tear to give,

pp

rit.

If one of us should go, if one of us should

pp

rit.

a tempo.

And if these lips should ev - er learn to smile

a tempo.

cresc appassionato

With your heart far from mine, 'Twould be for

f *rit. e dim.*

joy that in a lit - tle while They should be kissed by

colla voce.

f *rit. e dim.*

mf *a tempo.* *pp*

thine, by thine; 'Twould be for joy they should be

mf *rall.* *a tempo.* *pp*

rit.

kissed by thine.

rit. *a tempo.* *p*

LOVE'S SACRED TRUST.

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Andante maestoso.

mf

p

If you would smile on me, oh love divine, If

ff

p

I could know that you were tru-ly mine, The sky would be for-ev-er

rall.

blue to me, The birds would sing on ev-'ry bloss'ming tree. If

rall.

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a tempo.

I could know you would re - turn my smile, If I could know I could your

a tempo.

cres - - - - cen - -

heart beguile, Then mine the happiest life on earth would be, If I were yours and you were

cres - - - - cen - -

do. *f*

true to me; Then mine the happiest life on earth would be, If I were

do. *f*

rall. a tempo. *p*

yours and you were true to me. And when the vigils of the

rall. a tempo. dim. *p*

Love's sacred trust.

night I keep, And know that your dear eyes are closed in sleep, Then in my wretchedness I

pray to be, If not in life, to live in dreams with thee. I dreamed last night all thro' the

cres - - cen - - do.

lone-ly hours, I dreamed a-gain the old dream, love of you, Oh sacred trust, you said you

cres - - cen - do.

f rit. a tempo. *mp*

loved me, I wake and find it sweetly true..... Now

f rit. a tempo. *mp*

Love's sacred trust.

mine the happiest life that e'er could be, The sun shines thro' the clouds for you and me, And

f cres - - - - cen - -

all the sun-beams follow in your wake, And life is sweet to me for

f cres - - cen - - -

- - - do. *ff*

your dear sake, And by our love on earth our heav'n we make, For I am

do. *ff*

rall. a tempo.

yours, my own true love.....

rall. a tempo. 8

Love's sacred trust.

To Mr. and Mrs. Lowel T. Field.

Over Hills And Fields Of Daisies.

Words & Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Dolce.

mp

p

O - ver hills and fields of dai - ses,
"I love you" the dai - sies tell me,

rall.

p

Once we wan - dered light of heart,
As the snow - y pet - als part,

Now I'm dream - ing
And at last I

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you are with me, We to - geth - er ne'er to part.
hold the yel - low Of the gold with - in its heart.

You say - ing Oh, I love you, Love like mine will
Tho' at last the flow'r is sev - ered, Those white pet - als

mf

poco rit. *a tempo.*

e'er be true, O - ver hills and fields of dai - sies
are its own, And the heart of gold is wait - ing

poco rit. *p a tempo.*

1 2

You are say - ing "I love you."
For the pet - als it has known.

molto rall. *molto rall.*

pp

3. Now the hills and all the dai - sies Lie be - neath the

p Parpeggimente.

si - lent snow, Still I'm dream - ing of you dear - est,

And I won - der if you know That your form is

poco rit.

still be - side me That your voice rings in my ear.

poco rit.

a tempo.

O - ver hills and fields of dai - sies, Till I feel that

a tempo.

rall.

you are here.

rall.

morendo.

ppp

When I Am Dead, My Dearest.

Words by CHRSTINA ROSETTI. Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Andante tranquillo.

pp

When I am dead, my dear - est,
I shall not see the shad - ows,

rall.

pp

Sing no sad songs for me, Plant thou no ros - es
I shall not feel the rain, I shall not hear the

at my head, Or shad - y cy - press tree;
night - in - gale Sing - ing its sad re - frain;

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mf

Be the green grass a - bove me, With tears or dew - drops
But dreaming o'er the twi - light, That doth not rise or

mp

wet, And if thou wilt, re - mem - ber,
set, Hap' - ly I may re - mem - ber

rall. *p*

And if thou wilt, for - get.
Or hap'- ly may for - get.

rall.

morendo. *dim.* *ppp*

THE DEAR AUF WIEDERSEHN.

GRACE DUFFIE BOYLAN. CARRIE JACOBS BOND.

Moderato.

Say not "good-bye" the sounds have all re -
Say not "a - dieu" the word has hidden

mf

gret, I cannot loose your hand with such a word, Our ways part
pain, Within its foreign accents sweet and clear, That haunts my

decresc.

here and yet our love and yet, I can-not leave you till my soul has
heart with sad and hopeless strain, And pleads with duty just to linger

decresc.

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heard, The charm to bring me to your side a - gain.
here, Smile cou - rage in mine eyes O love and then.

p *mf*

The dear "Auf Wie - der - sehn," The charm to bring me to your
Whisper "Auf Wie - der - sehn," Smile cou - rage in mine eyes O

f

con espressione. *p ad lib.*

side a - gain, The dear "Auf Wie-der-sehn," The dear "Auf Wie - der - sehn."....
love and then, Whisper "Auf Wie-der-sehn," Whisper "Auf Wie - der - sehn."....

mf *p*

p mp

Say not "fare - well" if thou wouldst have it so— The word, like

8

p mp

a wan hand wave us a - part, I cannot leave, "mein liebling" will not

8

mf rit. a tempo. cresc.

go, Un - til you whisper, lying on my heart..... The

8

mf rit. a tempo. cresc.

mf *cresc.*

gol - den bridge between the now and then, The sweet "Auf Wiedersehn","Auf

mf *cresc.*

Wie - der-sehn", The gol - den bridge be - tween the

f *f*

now and then, The sweet "Auf Wiedersehn" The sweet "Auf Wieder - sehn".....

ad lib.

p *p*

A BAD DREAM.

Words by JULIET WILBUR TOMPKINS. Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato.

mf

Up the morn-ing glo-ry vine the dreams are flock-ing To

whisper in my ba-by's drowsy ears, And to sooth his sleep with songs and gentle

rock-ing. But a naught-y lit-tle dream brings up the rear, And it

whispers, "all a-lone, poor frighten'd chick-en, And they haven't laid your bot-tle in your

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crib; There's a pin that in a mo-ment will be stick-ing, I can

see it get-ting read-y in your bib, And they've laid too man-y cov-er-lids a-

bove you, O, if I were you I'd make my pres-ence known. I sup-

pose your fam'-ly real-ly think they love you, But they left you for an hour all a-

lone."

There's a whimper - ing, a screaming, loud and

zeal - ous, A cry of "mother's com-ing" from the hall, And that

naughty dream has vanished down the trell-is, Where the morn-ing glo-ry clambers on the

wall.

morendo.

crib; There's a pin that in a mo-ment will be stick-ing, I can

see it get-ting read-y in your bib, And they've laid too man-y cov-er-lids a-

bove you, O, if I were you I'd make my pres-ence known. I sup-

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zeal - ous, A cry of "mother's com-ing" from the hall, And that

naughty dream has vanished down the trell-is, Where the morn-ing glo-ry clambers on the

wall.

morendo.

To Miss Lillian Berry Reid.

I WAS DREAMING_MAY-BE.

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato espressivo.

p

Per-chance my tho'ts were wide a-wake, Or I was dream-ing_

p

may-be, As I sat rocking to and fro, My arm a-round my

mf

ba-by. And as I sang, a mys-tic spell Changed all this world com-

mf

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plete-ly. An - oth - er mother, sing-ing, sat And rock'd her ba - by

rall. *a tempo.*

sweet - ly The vis - ion fled, yet well I know, Tho' I was dream-ing_

rall. *a tempo.*

ma - by, Far down the fu - ture sits my child,

rit. poco a poco.

rocks my ba - by's ba - by.

To Grace Duffie Boylan.

THE BIRD SONG.

CARRIE JACOBS BOND.

1. My
2. The
3. If

ba - by is so tired to-night, She does not like the can-dle light, The
lit - tle birds have gone to rest, The ma-ma bird sits by the nest, The
I could shield you from all care, And keep your face for - ev - er fair, As

lit - tle head will soon be pressed, A - gainst . her ma - ma's lov - ing breast, And
lit - tle stars be - gin to shine, To light the sky for sleep - y time, And
now I see it while you sleep, These eyes of mine no more would weep, This

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ma - ma's song will sound the best. So by - lo, by - lo,
make it bright sweet child of mine. So
heart of mine its peace would keep. So

8 loco

8

lit - tle ba - by sleep, So by - lo, by - lo,

God his watch will keep, Oh ba - by mine, how fond-ly I love

you, Oh ba - by mine, a mothers love is true.

To Mrs. Florence R. Magnes.

Mother's Three Ages Of Man.

Words & Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Vivace.

f

Allegretto.

1. Oh! time has tak-en my ba - by a - way, My ba - by I loved so
3. Now a girl has tak-en my man a - way, My man that I loved so

p

well, And the lul - la - by song he has tak - en a - long, And the
well, And the big strong arm that could shield from harm, Just be -

rea - son he will not tell, But time said, "Do not grieve, for I'm
longs to a girl named Nell, And I'm grow-ing old, and the

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go-ing to leave In the cradle where he has slept, A mem-'ry sweet of the
world's growing cold, But of course, as he is a man, He will have to go, and its

ba-by a-sleep, Since a-way from your arms he's crept.
bet-ter so And I'll do the best I can.

Vivace.

Allegretto.

2. O! time has tak-en my
boy a-way, My boy that I loved so well, And the march for fun with the

lit - tle gun, And the tales that he used to tell, But time

said, "Do not grieve, for I'm go - ing to leave A man who will care for

you, With a big, strong arm that can shield from harm, And a

heart that is brave and true.

D.C. After 3rd Verse.

D.C. *f molto vivace.*

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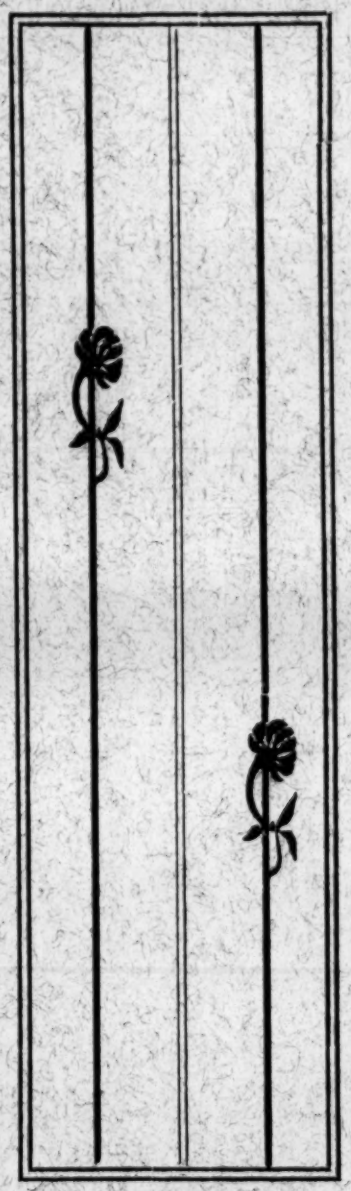

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WHEN GOD PUTS OUT THE LIGHT.
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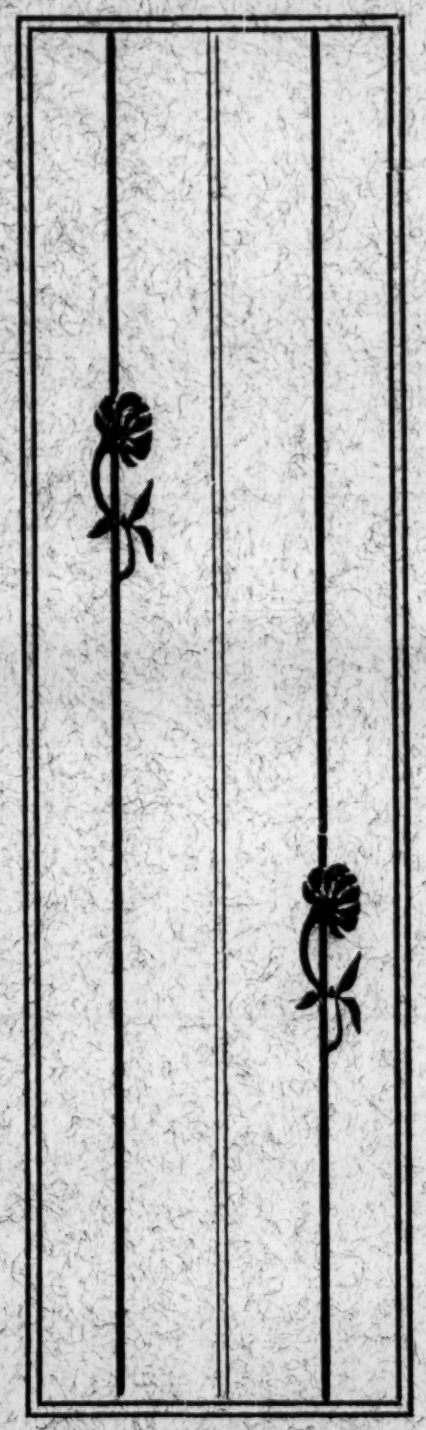

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CONSOLATION.

(To Joseph Kuhns.)

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato.

mf

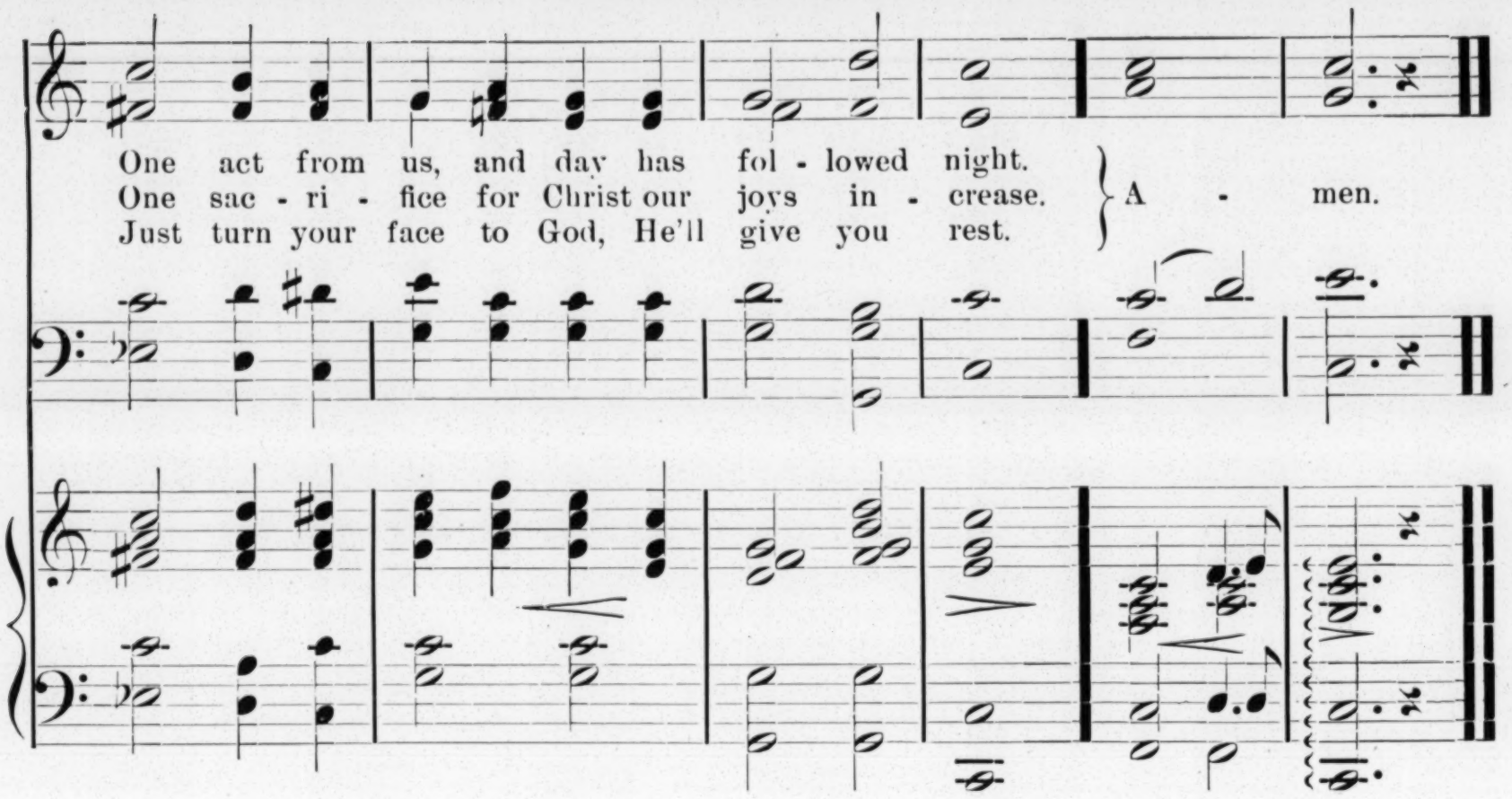
1. One step of ours brings God a thou sand miles; One tho't from us re -
2. One sin - ner saved, and we have won a crown; One heart-ache eased, we
3. Each gift you give to Him, He will re - pay; Each tri - al borne will

mp

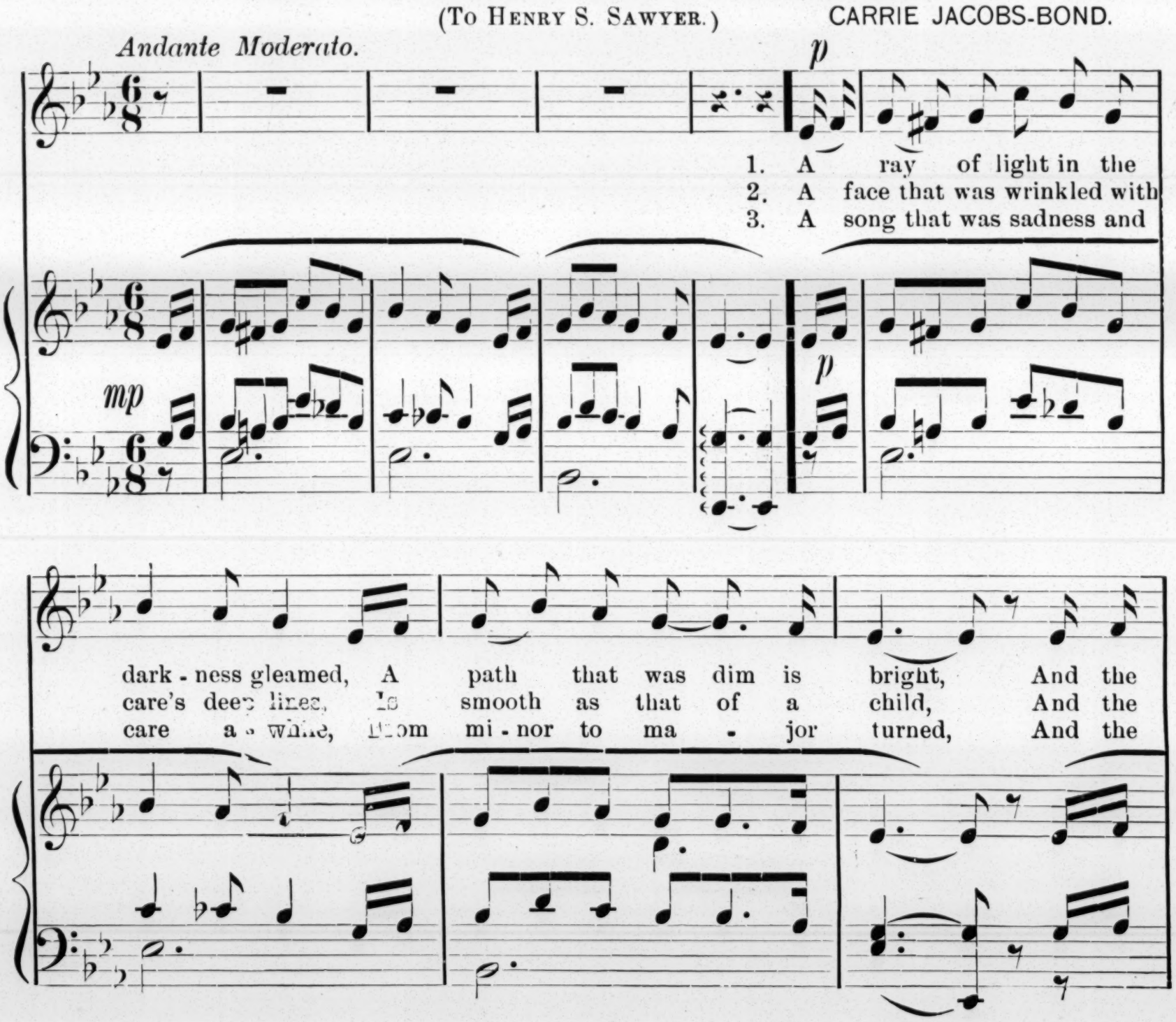
flects His sa - cred smiles; One pray'r from us, and heav - y hearts grow light;
lay one bur - den down. One word of com - fort said will give us peace;
show to you His way. And when your heart is sad, and you're de - pressed,

mf

Dim.

Consolation.

One act from us, and day has fol - lowed night.
One sac - ri - fice for Christ our joys in - crease.
Just turn your face to God, He'll give you rest.
A - men.

TO THE SAVIOR I CALLED.

(To Henry S. Sawyer.) CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Andante Moderato.
p
1. A ray of light in the
2. A face that was wrinkled with
3. A song that was sadness and
mp
p
dark - ness gleamed, A path that was dim is bright, And the
care's deep lines, Is smooth as that of a child, And the
care a - while, From mi - nor to ma - jor turned, And the

To the Savior I Called.

thought in my heart that sor - row seemed Is like day with its sun - shine
"Hope" that lost "Faith" a thou - sand times Is no long - er re - bellious or
tear in the voice was changed to a smile, And the good from the bad was

Poco agitato.

bright.
wild.
learned.
For in grief and de - spair to the Sav - ior I called, And the

mf *mf*

Dim. *Cres.* *Rall.* *f A tempo*

an-swer came tender and sweet:.... "There's a home o - ver here for the

Dim. *Cres.* *f A tempo.*

wea - ry at heart, And a rest for the tired... feet.".....

Dim. *Rall.* *pp*

To Mr. and Mrs. Whitney

WHEN GOD PUTS OUT THE LIGHT.

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

Moderato espressivo.

mf

p

1. There is a still - ness, but it is not death, When life and light de-
2. The glo - rious lights of heav - en shine with peace, The gates of sor - row

p

part; There is a calmness, but it is not death, When God has stopped the
past; And ev - 'ry earth - ly ill we know Is lost and gone at

heart. There's a room we en - ter just to sleep, Where
last. O you, who think that death is fear, And

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When God Puts Out the Light.

God puts out the lights; And in the morn - ing
keep that fear in sight, Be sure your sleep will

f

when we wake We've passed all earth - ly nights, And
be se - rene When God puts out the light, Be

Colla voce.

Rall.

in the morn - ing when we wake We've passed all earth - ly nights.
sure your sleep will be se - rene When God puts out the light.

Rall.

JESUS IS CALLING.

Words and Music by CARRIE JACOBS BOND.

Andante moderato.

mf

p

1. Je - sus is call - ing you to the new life, Come to Him, wea - ry one,
2. He will pro- tect with love ev - 'ry sad heart, He, with His ten - der care,

Cres.

for - get the strife; Let your heart rest with Him, He will prove
gives us our part; If life seems hard to bear, He gives the

Cres.

f *Dim.*

true, He will your sol - ace be, He's call - ing you;
task, Yet He'll be al - ways near if we but ask;

f *Dim.*

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Jesus is Calling.

mp *Poco accel.*

He all your grief will bear glad - ly, we know,
Then ask His care to - day wher - e'er you go,

mp *Poco accel.*

Cres.

He will your tri - als share, He died for you; Then come, ye
He is the Friend to have, do not say no; He with His

Cres. *f*

Dim. *e rit.* *p* *A tempo.*

wea - ry one, He will prove true, Let your heart rest with Him,
ten - der care, gives us the task, And He'll be al - ways near,

Dim. *e rit.* *p* *A tempo.*

He lives for you, Let your heart rest with Him, He lives for you.
if we but ask, And He'll be al - ways near, if we but ask.

AT MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT.

Dedicated to Mrs. Anna B. Howe, Marshalltown, Iowa.

C. J. B. CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

Moderato.

mf

p SOLO.

1. In the morn-ing when I wake, All my sins and sor-rows take,
2. And at noon-time may I be Just as tru - ly safe with Thee,
3. When at night my bed I seek, Know - ing that my heart, once weak,

p Legato.

That the day be - gun so fair, May be blest and free from care;
That Thy grace may help me do Some-thing Christ-like just for you;
Now is strengthened while I pray, "Keep me, Sav - ior, just to - day."

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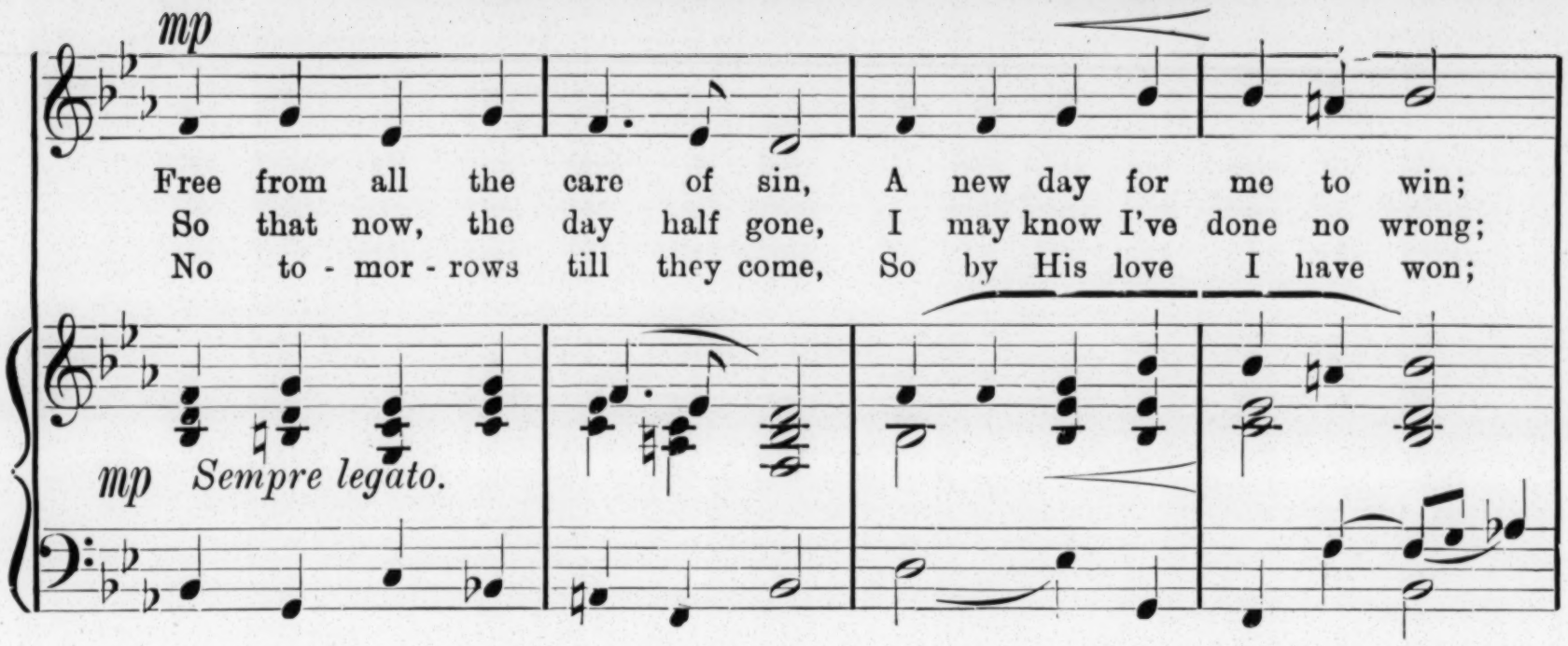
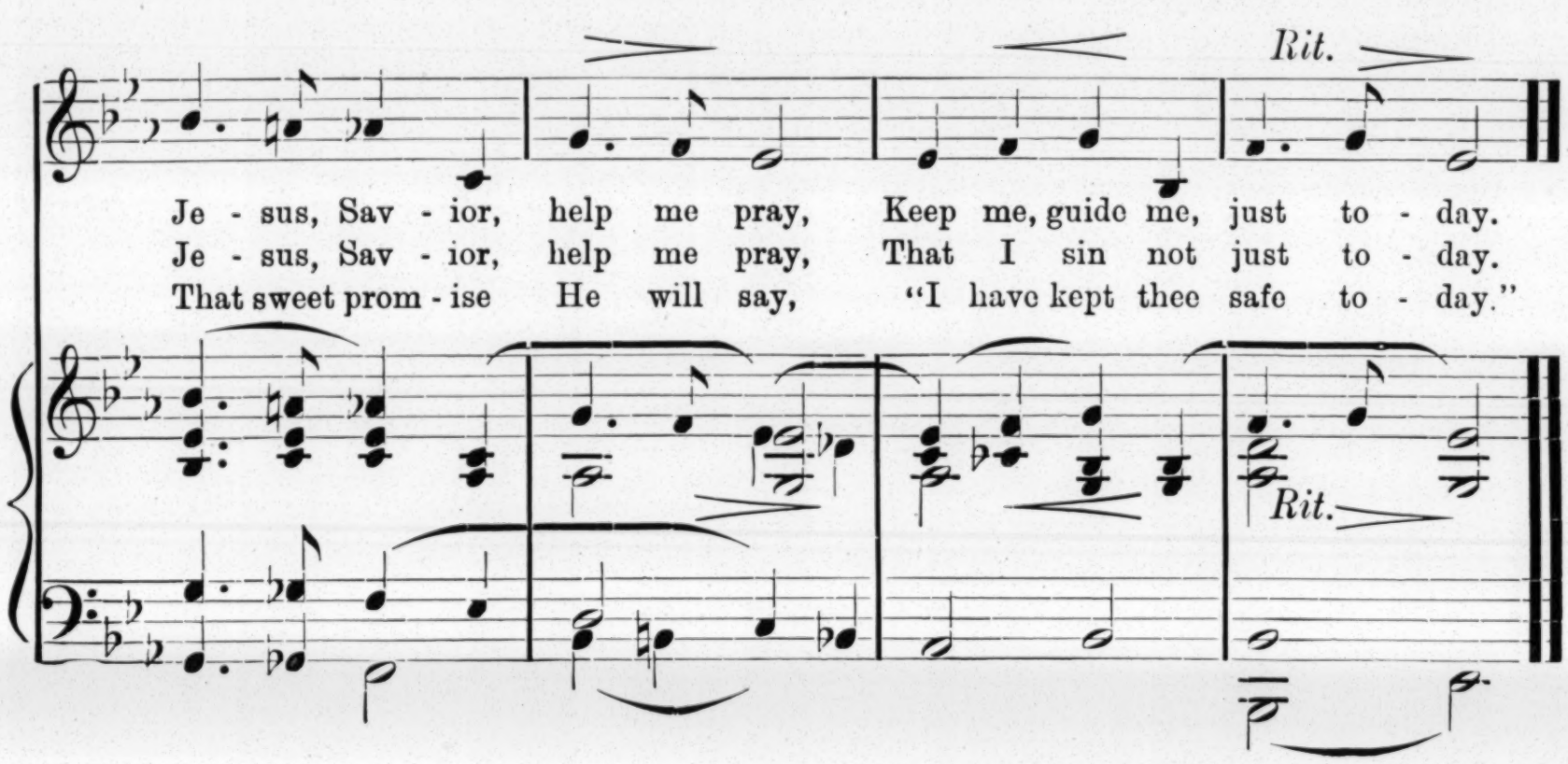
At Morning, Noon and Night.


mp
Free from all the care of sin, A new day for me to win;
So that now, the day half gone, I may know I've done no wrong;
No to - mor - rows till they come, So by His love I have won;
mp Sempre legato.

Rit.
Je - sus, Sav - ior, help me pray, Keep me, guide me, just to - day.
Je - sus, Sav - ior, help me pray, That I sin not just to - day.
That sweet prom - ise He will say, "I have kept thee safe to - day."
Rit.

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.....BY.....

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

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